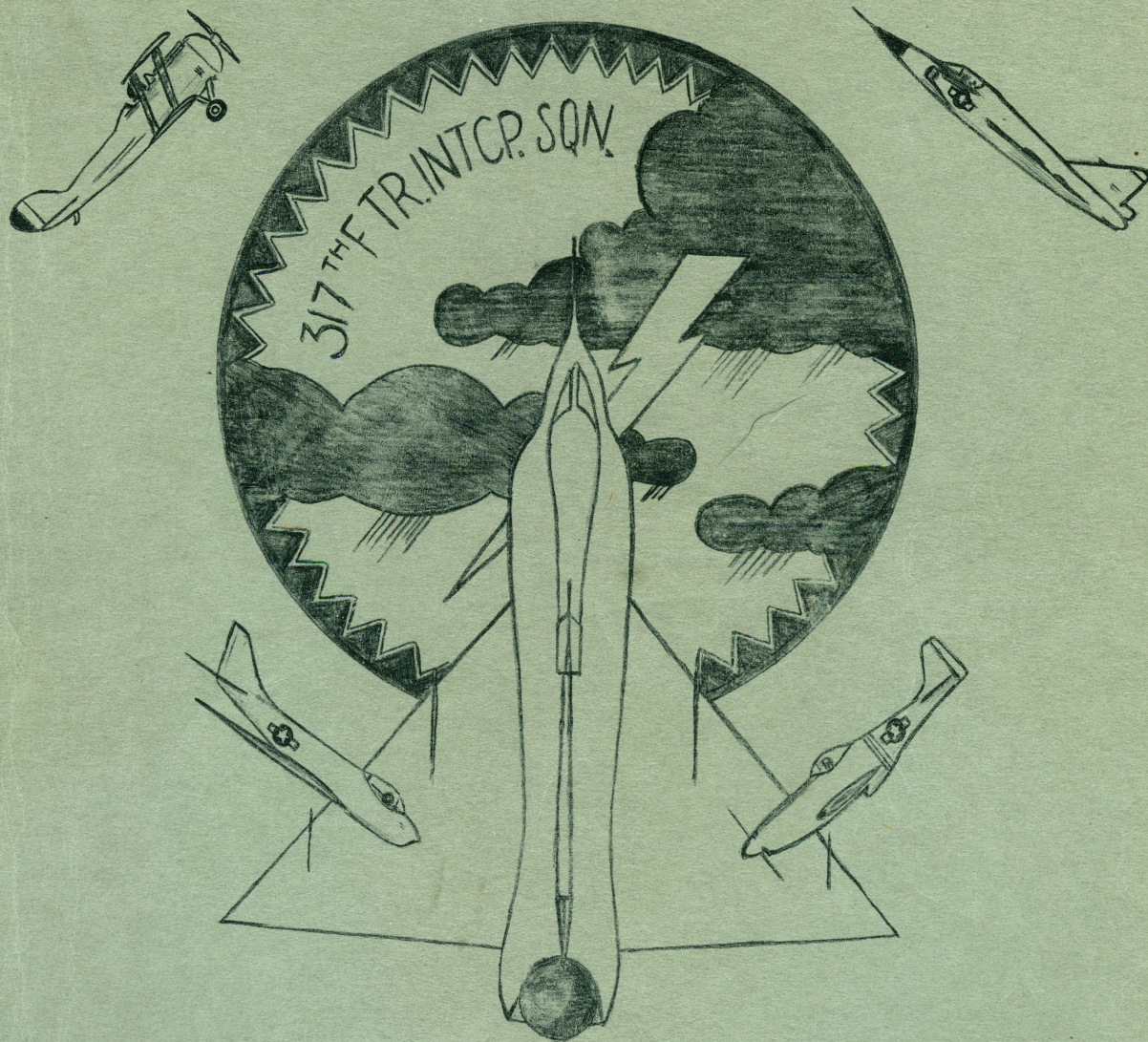


# ACES



# HIGH

317<sup>TH</sup> FIS SONGBOOK



## INTRODUCTION

This first edition of ACES HIGH was inspired by Logan Bentley's Stovepipe Serenade and includes most of the songs in the 1956 edition of that work. A partial bibliography, including all but the many scraps and bits of songs and music that have been included, follows on the next page.

There are several versions of some of the songs in the book. The old favorites have a way of lasting through the years, continually modified and modernized each time someone writes them down. All the substantially different versions have been included for historical interest.

An effort has been made to indicate the tune to as many songs as possible. In some cases the songs have tunes all their own. If you come across one of these ask around and chances are some old-timer can help you out.

DEUCES WILD, the companion work to ACES HIGH, is made up of the songs deemed somewhat improper for mixed company. It is classified RIBALD AND UNPRINTABLE and should be handled with discretion. Distribution will be made as soon as it's off the press.

Well, let's dig in and start singing. As Willy Shakespeare says:

"I never heard so musical a discord,  
Such sweet thunder..."

"Lightning Sam" Brooks  
317th FIS Elmendorf AFB, Alaska

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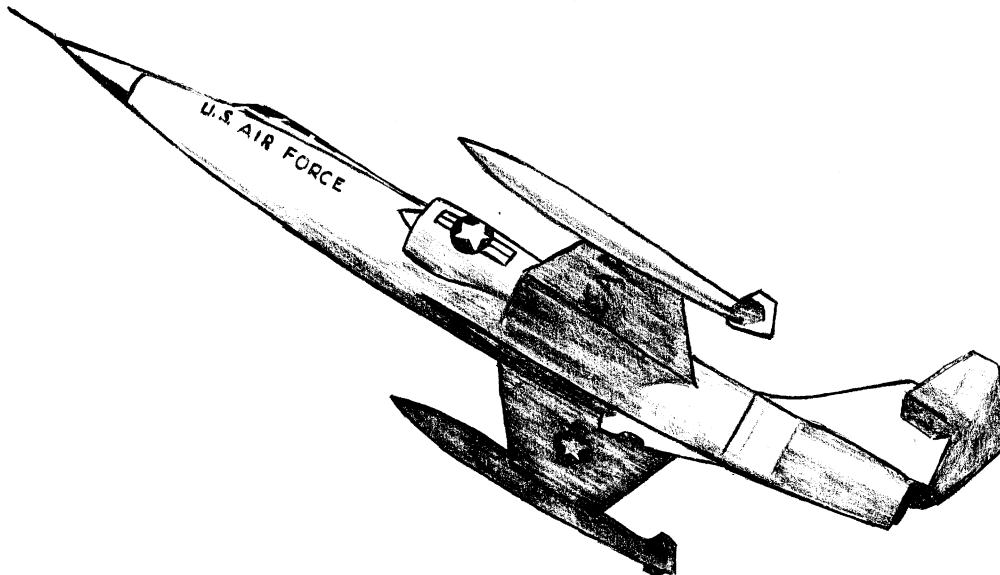
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"I know that I shall meet my fate  
Somewhere among the clouds above;  
Those I fight I do not hate  
Those I guard I do not love....  
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight  
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds  
A lonely impulse of delight  
Drove to this tumult in the clouds  
I balanced all, brought all to mind  
The years to come seem waste of breath  
A waste of breath the years behind  
In balance with this life, this death."

An Irish Airman Foresees His Death  
by William Butler Yeats





## HISTORY OF A SONG

The following example is offered to show how a song has remained consistently popular with the troops for over forty years.

"The Passing Pilot," as it was called in the First World War, is a universal favorite today under the title "Beside a Korean (Guinea) Waterfall." The best explanation of its origin I have been able to find appears in the introduction to John P. Marquand's book, "So Little Time."

Mr. Marquand says: "...a song about 'looking for a happy land where everything is bright' has been used frequently and is seldom quoted in exactly the same way, since it was a parody fashioned in the First World War and still, as far as can be discovered, is word-of-mouth. It was parodied from a song, 'The Dying Hobo' which appears in the anthology by Sigmund Spaeth, 'Weep Some More, My Lady.'"

On page 548 of "So Little Time" the following lines appear:

"We're going to a happy land  
Where everything is bright  
Where the highballs grow on bushes  
And we stay out every night  
Where you never lift a finger  
Nor even darn your socks  
And little drops of Haig and Haig  
Come trickling down the rocks."



On this and the following two pages are presented versions of the song as sung in World War I, World War II, and the Korean War. Similar versions also appear in the following collections: "Repulsive Rhapsodies," "Songs of the 325th," "Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing," "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," "Songs of Nellis AFB."

### THE PASSING PILOT I

Beside a Belgian water tank one cold and wintry day  
Beneath his busted engine a young observer lay  
His pilot hung from a telegraph pole but not entirely dead  
And he listened to the last words this young observer said:

Oh, I'm going to a better land where everything is bright  
Where handouts grow on bushes and they stay out late at night  
You do not have to work at all nor even change your socks  
And drops of Johnny Walker come trickling thru the rocks.

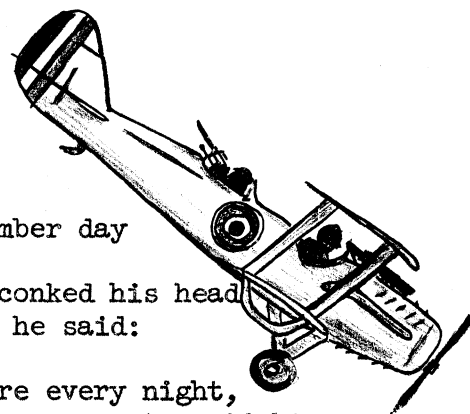
The pilot breathed his last few gasps before he passed away  
I'll tell you how it happened, the flippers fell away  
The motor wouldn't work at all, the ailerons flivered too  
A shot went thru the gas tank and let the gas leak thru.

The spirits left their bodies and as they upward flew  
Said pilot to the observer I'll tell you what we'll do  
We'll get old Pete to give us wings and back to earth we'll fly  
And we'll haunt those god-damned Ki-wis until the day they die.

("Songs of the Army Flyers")

## BESIDE THE BREWERY AT ST. MIHIEL

Beside the Brewery at St. Mihiel one bleak November day  
Beside a busted DH-4 a brave young pilot lay.  
His arms and legs were shattered, the tank had conked his head  
We all knew he was going west, but e're he died he said:



"Oh, I'm going to a better land, they souse there every night,  
Where cocktails grow on crabapple trees, and every one stays tight.  
Where bugles never blow at all, where no one winds the clocks,  
And drops of Johnnie Walker come trickling down the rocks."

The brave young lad was bouncing off, but as he passed away,  
We saw his lips were moving, "My friends, it was this way.  
The goddamned motor wouldn't hit, the struts were far too few,  
A tracer hit the gas tank, and the flamin' juice came through."

"Oh, I'm going to a better land, where motors always run,  
Where housewives hand out juleps, and pilots grow a bun.  
Where they've got no Sops, no Spads, no Sals, and not a bloody  
flamin' four  
And absinth frappes, sool and stout are served at every store."  
("The Three Hats", Vol. I)

## THE PASSING PILOT II

Beside a Belgian 'staminet, when the smoke had cleared away  
Beneath a busted Camel, its former pilot lay;  
His throat was cut by the bracing wire, the tank had hit his head,  
And, coughing a shower of dental work, these were the words he said:

"Oh, I'm going to a better land -- they jazz there every night;  
The cocktails grow on bushes, so every one stays tight;  
They've torn up all the calendars, they've busted all the clocks,  
And little drops of whiskey come trickling through the rocks."

The pilot breathed these last few gasps before he passed away:  
"I'll tell you how it happened. My flippers didn't stay.  
The motor wouldn't hit at all, the struts were far too few,  
A bullet hit the gas-tanks, and the gas came leaking through."

"Oh, I'm going to a better land where the motors always run,  
Where eggnog grows on the eggplant, and the pilots grow a bun  
They've got no Sops, they've got no Spads, they've got no Flaming Fours  
And little frosted juleps are served at all the stores."  
("Songs of the Army Flyers")



### BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day  
Beside his shattered Sabrejet, a young pursuiter lay  
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead  
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:

"We're going to a better land where everything is bright  
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles  
Play poker every night!  
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing  
And all our crews are women, Oh Death!, where is thy sting!"

Oh, death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling  
Oh, death where is thy sting  
The bells of hell will ring, ring-a-ling  
For you but not for me!

Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you  
Ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you  
Ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you  
Better days are coming bye and bye!

(Songs of the 357th Fighter Squadron)

### BENEATH A BRIDGE IN SICILY

Beneath a bridge in Sicily, one cold and wintry day,  
Beside a busted fighter plane the former pilot lay;  
His throat was cut by the bracing wire, the tank had hit his head  
And he listened to the dying words his young observer said:

We're going to a better land where everything is bright,  
Where handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night.  
You never have to work at all, nor even change your socks  
And little drops of whiskey come trickling down the rocks.

The pilot breathed these last few words before he passed away:  
I'll tell you how it happened: my flippers didn't stay,  
The motor wouldn't hit at all, the struts were far too few,  
A bullet ripped the gas tank and the oil came oozing through.

Oh, I'm going to a better land where the motors always run,  
Where the egg-nogs grow on eggplants and pilots grow a bun  
They have no interceptors, no Junkers thirty-four  
And little frosted juleps are served at every store.

The observer said to the pilot, as heavenward they flew:  
Now, when we see St. Peter, I tell you what we do:  
We'll get ourselves some brand new wings and back to earth we'll fly  
To haunt the goddam Jerries until the day they die!

Oh, we're going to a better land, they jazz there every night  
The cocktails grow on bushes, so everyone stays tight;  
They've torn up all the calendars, they've busted all the clocks,  
And Scotch or Rye or Bourbon keep running down the rocks.

("GI SONGS")

## ARMY AIR FORCE HEAVEN

Beside a Korean waterfall one bright and sunny day,  
Beside his shattered bomber plane a poor young pilot lay,  
His parachute hung from a tree but he was not yet dead  
And as they gathered round him, these were the words he said:

"I'm going to that better land where the motors always roar,  
Where the eggplants grow on eggplants in the Quartermaster's store,  
Where there aren't no interceptors and no enemies around  
There'll be apple pie and rock and rye  
And the pilots go there when they die  
In the Army Air Force Heaven."

The pilot lay beside the falls as the medics clustered round,  
And he said, "It's such a lovely place that's where I am bound."  
A crankshaft in his liver and a sparkplug on his nose;  
He says, "I'm flying fast my friends, to where every pilot goes."

"I'm going to that better land where the airman rides in style,  
Where the automatic pilot works while we sit back and smile,  
There's a girl for every officer, a dozen for the crew,  
There'll be beds of hay in the old bomb bay,  
And the boys will shout out, 'Bombs away!'  
In the Army Air Force Heaven."

His breath came fast, he couldn't last  
With sadness they all eyed him,  
The medics wept and the tears rolled down,  
The pools flowed down beside him,  
The waters rose, they reached his toes,  
He floated where he lay  
And as he drifted out of sight, his comrades heard him say:

"I'm going to that better land  
Where the flak don't never fly,  
Where the bullets are all cotton  
And the shells are apple pie,  
Where the clouds are champagne cocktails,  
And you drink them on the fly,  
But it's time to leave, don't you grieve,  
I'll be wearing wings on my leather sleeve  
In the Army Air Force Heaven."



STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

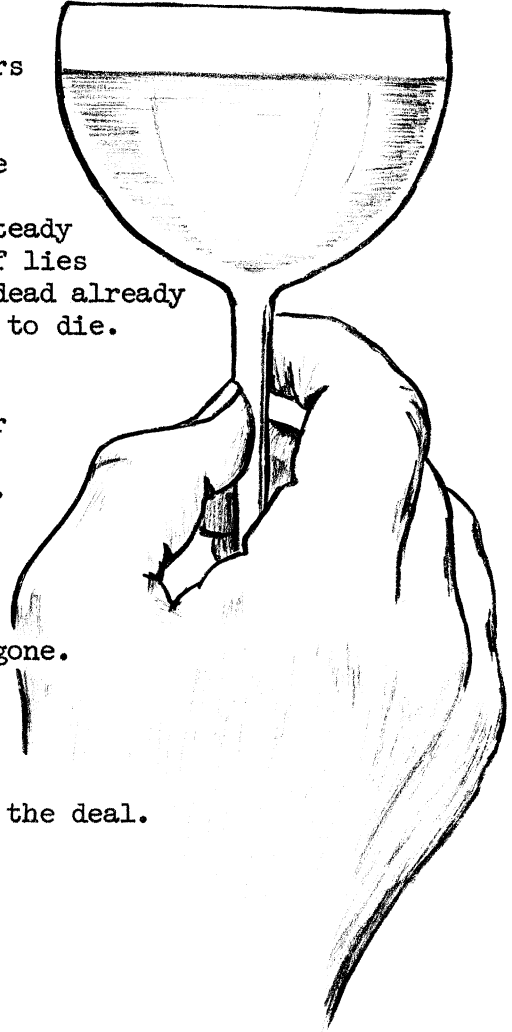
We stand 'neath resounding rafters  
The walls around are bare  
They echo back our laughter  
Seems that the dead are all there

CHORUS: Stand to your glasses steady  
This world is a world of lies  
Here's a health to the dead already  
Hurrah for the next man to die.

Denied by the land that bore us  
Betrayed by the ones we held dear  
The good have all gone before us  
And only the dull are still here.

We loop in the purple twilight  
We spin in the silvery dawn  
With a trail of smoke behind us  
To show where our comrades have gone.

In flaming Spad and Camel  
With wings of wood and steel  
For mortal stakes we gamble  
With cards that were stacked for the deal.



(Verses of this song appear as part of several other songs included in this collection. This is believed to be close to the original song which came out of the first World War, and is copied in its entirety from "Songs of the Army Flyers.")

## STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

A poor aviator lay a-dying  
At the end of a bright summers day  
And his comrades were gathered around him  
To carry his fragments away.

Oh, his bird was piled on his wishbone  
And his engine was wrapped round his head  
And he wore a spark plug on each elbow  
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

Oh, he spat out a valve and a gasket  
As he stirred in the sump where he lay  
And to his sorrowing comrades  
These brave parting words he did say:

"I'll be riding a cloud in the morning  
With no Merlin before me to course  
So come along, and get busy  
Another lad now wants the hearse.

"Take the manifold out of my larynx  
And the cylinders out of my brain  
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys  
And assemble the engine again.

With rusted fifties and rockets  
With pilots as old as they seem  
We fly these worn out Mustangs  
Against the MIG-fifteen.

Forgotten by the land that bore us  
Betrayed by the ones we held dear  
The good have all gone before us  
And only the dull are still here.

So stand to your glasses steady  
This world is a world full of lies  
Here's a toast to those dead already  
And here's to the next man to die.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

(Tune: Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory)

By the ring around his eyeball  
You can tell a bombardier  
You can tell a bomber pilot  
By the spread around his rear  
You can tell a navigator  
By his sextants, maps, and such  
You can tell a fighter jockey  
BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH!!

(Capt Clayton Silliman)

OFF WE GO

(Tune: USAF Song)

Back we come, off of a one-hour test hop  
From over the land, and over the sea  
For this feat we get a raise in rank  
Ten days leave, and a D.F.C.  
Heroes all, as you can judge by medals  
Got a lot, and we'll get some more  
We're out to conquer, and we will  
For nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

(Capt Robert Daley)

SONG OF THE ZULU WARRIORS

Ay zigga sumba zumba zumba  
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay!  
Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba  
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay!

CHORUS: Hold 'em down, you Zulu warriors  
Hold 'em down, you Zulu chiefs!  
Chiefs! Chiefs! Chiefs!  
Chi-ga-ma-lie - - - oh!

(The "Song of the Zulu Warriors" is supposed to have originated with the South African Squadron stationed in Korea. It was subsequently adopted by American pilots. I first heard it sung at Langley AFB by the 509th FBS in 1953. The most important part of the song is the rythmical foot-stomping. The verse and chorus are repeated, each time a little louder, until you get thrown out of the club.)

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (I)

(Tune: Throw a Nickel on the Drum)

Oh, I lined up with the runway and headed for the ditch  
I looked down at my prop, my God, it's in high pitch  
I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, how did I get there?

CHORUS: Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah  
Throw a nickel on the grass  
Save a fighter pilot's life  
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah  
Throw a nickel on the grass  
And you'll be saved!

I started in to buzz, I thought that I was clear  
And when I clipped the flagpole, I knew the end was near  
I met the flying board, and they gave me the works  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing touched the ground  
Got a call from Mobile, "Pull up and go around!"  
I racked that (name of a/c) in the air a dozen feet or more  
The bastard snapped, I'm on my back, oh save me (name of Sq CO):

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked all right  
And when I made my final turn, My God, I racked it tight  
The engine coughed and sputtered, the ship began to weave  
Mayday, Mayday, Colonel (Wing CO), Spin instructions please!

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low  
Came a call from tower, "One more and home you go!"  
I pulled that (name of a/c) in the blue, she hit a high-speed stall  
Now I won't be back this winter when the work's all done this fall!

Cruisin' down the Yalu doing six-fifty per  
Gave a call to (name of flight leader), oh won't you save me sir?  
Got two big flak holes in my wings, my tank ain't got no gas  
Mayday, mayday, mayday - got six MiGs on my ass!

Now I'm in the gutter with pretzels in my beer  
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near  
Then came this glorious Air Force to save me from the worst  
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse!



## SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (II)

(Tune: Throw a Nickel on the Drum)

It was midnight in Korea, all the pilots were in bed  
When up stepped Colonel \_\_\_\_\_, and this is what he said:  
I hate this God damn place!  
Mustangs, gentle pilots, Mustangs one and all  
Mustangs, gentle pilots, and the pilots shouted, "Balls!"  
Then up stepped a young Lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass  
"You can take those God Damn Mustangs Jack, and shove 'em up your ass!"

CHORUS: Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah  
Throw a nickel on the grass  
Save a fighter pilot's life  
Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah  
Throw a nickel on the grass  
And you'll be saved!

Cruising down the Yalu doing three-twenty per  
I called to my Flight Leader, "Oh won't you save me sir?"  
Got two big flak holes in my wing, my tanks ain't got no gas  
Mayday - Mayday - May day - got six MiGs on my ass!

I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right  
My air speed read 130, My God, I racked it tight  
I turned into the final, my engine gave a wheeze  
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - Spin instructions please!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground  
Came a call from tower: "Pull up and go around."  
Racked that Mustang in the air a dozen feet or more  
I'm on my back, it's worse than flak, why did I use full bore?

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low  
I pressed the bloody button, let both my babies go  
I sucked the stick back in my gut - I hit a high-speed stall  
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"  
But by the time I got there my wings were holed by flak  
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly  
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - I am too young to die!

I bailed out from that Mustang, my landing was top line  
With my E and E equipment I made for our front line  
But when I opened up my ration tin to see what was in it  
The God damn Quartermaster had filled the thing with shit.

Now in this Commie prison camp I am obliged to sit  
For one cannot go very far on a ration tin of shit  
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly  
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix for breakfast till I die!

## FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell  
The place is full of queers  
Navigators, Bombadiers  
But there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States  
They are off on foreign shores  
Making mothers out of whores  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
They are all across the bay  
Being shot at every day  
Oh there are no fighterpilots in Japan!

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce  
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce  
The automatic pilot's on  
Reading novels in the john  
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce!

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
His gyros are uncaged  
And his women overaged  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare!

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth  
The place is full of brass  
Sitting round on their fat ass  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth!

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice  
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice  
It'll wreck your reputation  
But increase the population  
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice!

Oh look at the 55th in the club  
Oh look at the 55th in the club  
They don't party, they don't sing  
77th does everything  
Oh look at the 55th in the club!

When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
He don't drink his share of suds  
All he does is flub his dub  
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL!

## I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,  
Now I don't want them any more.  
They taught me how to fly, then they sent me here to die,  
I've got a belly-full of war.  
You can save those Zeros for the God Damn heros  
For distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses,  
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,  
Now I don't want them any more.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames  
I've no desire to be burned.  
Air combat's no romance and it made me wet my pants,  
I'm not a fighter, I have learned.  
You can leave the Mitsubishes for the crazy sons-a-bitches,  
Cause I'd rather lay a woman than get shot down in a Grumman,  
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things  
Now I don't want them any more.

I'm too young to die in a God damn PBY  
That's for the eager, not for me  
I won't trust to luck to be picked up in a "Duck"  
After I've crashed into the sea  
I would rather be a hellhop than a flier on a flattop  
With my hand around a bottle not a God damn throttle,  
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,  
Now I don't want them any more.

I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr  
Flak always makes me part my lunch  
For me there's no Hey Hey when they holler "Bombs Away!"  
I'd rather be home with the bunch.  
For there's one thing you can't laugh off  
And that's when they shoot your ass off  
And I'd rather be home, Buster, with my ass than with a cluster  
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,  
Now I don't want them any more!

The day that we bombed Metz, I ran out of cigarettes  
I always smoke one for my gut  
They make them by the ton, But I haven't got a one  
Oh! What I'd give to have a butt.  
Now the home front may be pitchin' but I still do my bitchin'  
Till I find some real sharp cooky  
Who can mass-produce some nookey  
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,  
Now I don't want them any more!

I WANTED WINGS

(Korean Version)

I wanted wings till I got the goddam things,  
Now I don't want them anymore.  
I don't want a tour in Korea that's for sure,  
I've had a bellyfull of war.  
I don't want my fanny frozen  
In that putrid land of Chosen  
Fighting Migs of Uncle Joe's  
In atmosphere that's frigid frozen, buster,  
I wanted wings till I got the goddam things,  
Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky  
Migs always make me barf my lunch  
For me there's no hey-hey screaming,  
"Bogies that-a-way!"  
I'd rather be home with the bunch.  
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off  
And that's when they shoot your ass off,  
I would rather be home, buster,  
With my butt than with a cluster, buster,  
I wanted wings till I got the goddam things,  
Now I don't want them anymore.

("Songs of the 325th Fighter-Interceptor  
Squadron")



## JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter-rotate  
They'll loop roll and spin but they'll soon auger in  
Don't give me a P-38!

CHORUS: Just give me Operations  
Way out on some lonely atoll  
For I am too young to die  
I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind  
It will tumble and roll and dig a big hole  
Don't give me a P-39!

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots all squawk  
It flew like a sparrow but its gear was too narrow  
Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk!

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt  
It boks like a jug and it flies like a tug  
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt!

Don't give me a F-Shooting Star, it'll go but not very far  
It'll rumble and spout but soon will flame out  
Don't give me a F-Shooting Star!

Don't give me an F-84, their pilots aren't here any more  
They bombed in that crate, but they all pulled out late  
Don't give me an F-84!

Don't give me an F-86 with wings like broken match sticks  
They'll zoom and they'll hover but as for top cover  
Don't give me an F-86!

Don't give me an eighty-six-D with overdrive and TV  
She'll loop roll and spin but she'll soon auger in  
Don't give me an eighty-six-D!

Don't give me an F-89 though "Time" says they really will climb  
They're all in the States, all boxed up in crates  
Don't give me an F-89!

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score  
It may fly in weather but won't hold together  
Don't give me an F-94!

Just give me an old Fifty-one, with praise for the work it has done  
It's tried and it's true and will take care of you  
Just give me an old Fifty-one!

FINAL CHORUS: Just give me my old Mustang  
For defending democracy's cause  
For I am too young to die  
I just want to go home!

# MAKE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate,  
They've scattered and smitten from Burma to Brigain,  
Don't give me a P-38

CHORUS: Just make me operations  
Way out on some lonely atoll  
For I am too young to die  
I just want to grow old!

Don't give me a P-39, the engine is mounted behind,  
They'll tumble and spin, and auger you in,  
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a Peter Four Oh, a hell of an airplane I know,  
A ground loopin' bastard, you're sure to get plastered,  
Don't give me a Peter Four Oh.

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the hun,  
But with coulant tank dry, you'll run out of sky,  
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun,  
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark,  
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a ground-loving whore  
She'll whine, moan, and wheeze, and she'll clobber the trees  
Don't give me an F-84.

("Songs of SOC", "Repulsive Rhapsodies")

## TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES

(Tune: Bless Them All)

Bless them all, bless them all  
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all  
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet  
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet  
Cause he tried to go over the wall  
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all  
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off  
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all!

Through the wall, through the wall  
Through the bloody invisible wall  
That transonic journey is nothing but rough  
As bad as a ride on the local base bus  
So I'm staying away from it all  
Subsonic for me and that's all  
If you're hot you might make it  
But you'll probably break it  
Your butt or your neck, not the wall!

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing")

## AIR CORPS LAMENT (Battle Hymn/Rplc)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky  
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly  
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by  
The Air Corps gone to hell.

CHORUS: Glory . . . . . Flying Regulations  
Have them read at every station  
Crucify the man who breaks one  
The Air Corps gone to hell.

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong,  
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong  
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song  
The Air Corps gone to hell.

I have seen them in their T-bolts when their eyes were dancing flame  
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name  
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame  
Their spirit's shot to hell.

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak  
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back  
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack  
Their technique's gone to hell.

Yes, the lordly flying Fortress and the Liberator too  
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue  
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew  
And we can't fly for hell.

You have heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel  
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel  
But now the L-5 charms you with its moanin' groanin' squeal  
And it won't climb for hell.

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song  
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong  
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong  
The Air Corps gone to hell.

## FLAK IN THE NIGHT

From Kunsan to Anju, from Pyongyang to Yangdok  
Wherever the red trucks go  
I've been on some tough routes, and had me some rough bouts,  
But there is one thing I know;  
The Red Balls will get you, they're worrisome things,  
That lead you to sing the flak in the night.

Hear the 8th a-calling, hear the 13th bawling  
Dentist, oh Dentist, oh Bromide, oh Bromide  
Oh Snowflake, oh give me a steer, oh give me a fix  
I'm lost in the night . . .



THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL

(Tune: Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men  
Who ruled the fighting sky  
With hearts that laughed at death and lived  
For nothing but to fly  
But now those hearts are grounded  
And those days are long gone by  
The Air Force's gone to Hell!

CHORUS: Glory Flying Regulations  
Have them read at every station  
Crucify the man that breaks one  
The Air Force's gone to Hell!

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when  
Their eyes were dancing flame  
I have seen their screaming power dives  
That plastered Goering's name  
But now they fly like sissies  
And they hang their heads in shame  
Their spirit's shot to Hell!

They flew their Mustang fighters  
Through a living Hell of flak  
And the bloody dying pilots gave  
Their lives to bring them back  
But now they all play ping-pong  
In the operations shack  
Their technique's gone to Hell!

CHORUS

(Songs of the 325th Fighter-Interceptor  
Squadron)

## AIR FORCE LAMENT

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky  
With hearts that laughed at Death and lived for nothing but to fly,  
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by;  
The Air Force's Gone to Hell!

CHORUS:   Glory - - Flying Regulations!  
          Have them read at every station!  
          Crucify the man who breaks one.  
          The Air Force's Gone to Hell!

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong,  
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong,  
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song;  
The Air Force's Gone to Hell!

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when their eyes were dancing flame,  
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name,  
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame;  
Their spirit's shot to Hell!

Once they flew B-26's through a living hell of flak,  
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back,  
But now they all play ping-pong in the Operations Shack  
Their technique's gone to Hell!

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the Liberator too  
Once wrote the doom of Germany with con-trails in the blue  
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew,  
And we can't fly for Hell!

You have heard your pounding .50's blaze from wings of polished steel;  
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel  
But now the L-5 charms you with its meanin' groanin' squeal,  
And it won't climb for Hell!

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song  
About the Wide Blue Yonder in the days when men were strong,  
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong  
The Air Force's Gone to Hell!

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angels' game  
We split the Blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame  
But now that's all Verboten and we're all so goddam tame.  
Our spirit's shot to Hell!

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap;  
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap  
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of THAT!  
Or you will burn in Hell!

Have you ever climbed a Lightning up to where the air is thin?  
Have you stuck her long nose downward just to hear the screaming din?  
Have you tried to do it lately? Better not - you'll auger in!  
And then you'll sure catch Hell!

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old,  
When pilots took their choice of being old or young and bold,  
Alas; I have no choice and I will live to be quite old!  
The Air Force's Gone to Hell!

But smile a while, my pilots, though your eyes may still be wet;  
Some day we'll meet in Heaven where the rules have not been set,  
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let  
The Air Force Fly like Hell!

FINAL CHORUS: (With a note of Hope)

Glory! No more Regulations  
Rip them down at every station!  
Ground the guy that tries to make one!  
AND LET US FLY LIKE HELL!

## SPOT PROMOTION

(Tune: Cold, Cold Heart)

I've tried so hard, my friend, to think  
That rank was worth a lot  
But now you've gone and got yourself  
Promoted to a spot  
Your job is one that could be done  
By any PFC  
How can I get your ass shipped out  
And get that spot for me?

You'll be a full bird soon, my friend  
Of that I have no doubt  
The T/O's being changed right now  
They ripped it inside out  
Lieutenant General, Wing CO,  
The staff all gets one star  
At least we'll have some rank around  
To help us fight the war.

Another week or two in grade  
We'll put you in again  
You needn't wait to learn your job  
That's for enlisted men  
The only thing I envy is  
The talent that you got  
How can I get your ass shipped out  
And get your open spot?

## AIN'T A BLOODY SHAME?

We were fat back in the Truman's  
Drinking beer, and sometimes wine  
When they said, "You're going over  
To Korea's fighting line."

We were young and we were eager  
To get one hundred and go home  
But they slipped the finger to us  
And left us here - far o'er the foam.

Now they sit in FEAF Headquarters  
Making rules so much unkind  
It's the same the whole world over  
Isn't it a bloody shame!

Shed a tear when you think of us,  
Sitting here on old K-2  
While you sleep with all our sweethearts  
As we fly the old Yalu.

## COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come on and join the Air Force, and get your flying pay  
You never have to work at all, just fly around all day  
While others toil and study hard, and soon grow old and blind  
We'll take the air without a care, and you will never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind  
Oh, come and join the Air Force  
And you will never mind!

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire  
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer  
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find  
The engine cough, the wings fall off, and you will never mind!

And when you loop and spin her and with an awful tear  
You find yourself without your wings but you will never care  
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find  
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, and you will never mind!

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit  
You see your prop come to a stop, the God Damn engine's quit  
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind  
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind!

I fly up to the Yalu in my F-eighty-six  
And here's one thing that you can send to Congress in your TWX  
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits  
It will be up there all by itself 'cause I will shit and git!

Oh, someday you'll meet a MiG-15, he'll shoot you down in flames  
No use in belly aching and calling the bastard names  
You'll lose your wings, don't worry Mac, another pair you'll find  
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet and you will never mind!

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn  
About the groundling's point of view and all that sort of ham  
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind  
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind!

## MEET ME IN KYOTO

(Tune: Meet Me In St.Louis)

Meet me in Kyoto Moto  
Meet me at the shrine  
Take your shoes off when you enter  
Or you'll pay a fine  
We will have some Sukiyaki  
Then we'll have a cup of Saki  
If you'll meet me in Kyoto Moto  
Meet me at the shrine!



WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER

When your leaves have turned to silver  
Will you love us just the same?  
Oh, we'll always call you: ("Any old dirty Major")  
Isn't it a bloody shame?

To the days at Itazuke  
And the parties that we knew  
When your leaves have turned to silver  
You can stick them up your flue!

("Songs of the 49th" by Lt Effinger)

CO-PILOT'S LAMENT

(Tune: The Cowboy's Lament)

I'm the co-pilot. I sit on the right  
It's up to me to be quick and bright  
I never talk back or I'll have regrets  
And I must remember what the captain forgets

I make out the flight plan and study the weather,  
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather,  
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting  
And fly the old craft when the captain is snoring.

I take the readings and adjust the power,  
Put on the heaters when we're in a shower,  
Tell where we are on the darkest night  
And do all the book work without any light.

I call for my captain and but him Cokes  
I always laugh at his corny jokes,  
And once in a while when his landings are rusty  
I come through with "Gawd, but it's gusty"!

All in all, I'm a general stooge  
As I sit to the right of this man Scrooge  
But maybe some day with great understanding  
He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.

("The Three Hats", Vol. II)

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

In peace times the regulars are happy  
In peace times they're happy to serve  
But let them get into a fracas  
And they'll call out the God Damn reserves!

CHORUS: Call out, Call out  
Call out the God Damn reserves, reserves!  
Call out, Call out  
Oh, call out the God Damn reserves.

Here's to the Regular Air Force  
They have such a wonderful plan  
They call up the God Damn reservist  
Whenever the shit hits the fan!

They call up every old pilot  
They call up every young man  
The reservists they go to Korea  
The regulars stay in Japan!

Here's to the Regular Air Force  
With medals and badges galore  
If it weren't for the God damn reservist  
Their ass would be dragging the floor!

CHORUS: Fight on, Fight on  
Fight on Regular Air Force  
Fight on, Fight on...  
Fight on, Fight on  
Fight on Regular Air Force  
Fight on!

(The first verse and chorus of this song appear in "Songs of the Friendly 8th." Since they are sung to the same tune and are in the same spirit as the song from the 58th Fighter-Bomber Wing's "Repulsive Rhapsodies", they are hereby combined.)

TO THE REGULARS

(Tune: Mr. and Mrs. Mississippi)

I won't forget Korea,  
I can't forget Kunsan  
For Syngman Rhee and Stalin  
Have made me feel at home.  
I flew across the bomblines  
And got a hole or two  
But all I got was a crock of shit  
From you and you and you.

CHORUS: Oh I was called to risk my ass  
And save the U. N. too,  
But all I got was a crock of shit  
From you and you and you.

The AA was terrific  
The small arms were intense  
While flyboys bombed the front lines  
The division did the rest.  
While the regulars held their desk jobs,  
The reserves were called enmasse  
For the U.N. knew the air reserve  
Was the one to save their ass. (REPEAT CHORUS)

I love you dear old USA  
With all my aching heart  
If I hadn't joined the damn reserves  
We'd never've had to part.  
But we won't cry and we won't squawk  
For we are not alone  
For one of these days the regulars'll come  
And we can all go home. (REPEAT CHORUS)

Now we don't mind the hardships  
We've faced them in the past  
But we wonder if our Congressmen  
Have had forties up their ass  
We have to fight to save the peace  
That's what the bastards said  
But when you check the casualties  
You'll find no senators dead. (REPEAT CHORUS)

I'm going to raise a family  
When this war is through  
I hope to have a bouncing boy  
To tell my stories to.  
But someday when he grows up  
If he joins the Air Reserve  
I'll kick his ass from dawn to dusk  
For that's what he'll deserve. (REPEAT CHORUS)

("Songs of the Friendly 8th")

## LAMENT OF THE RESERVIST

(Tune: Cigareets and Whiskey)

I was a civilian and flew on weekends  
No sweat about clanks and no sign of the bends  
But I am a retread and older I grow  
Now I fly a Mustang, it's old and it's slow.

CHORUS: Sinuiju and Anak, Sinanju and Sinmak  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane  
Quad fifties and forties, and one hundred sorties  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane!

Oh, once I was happy and I flew a jet  
At 35,000 how fat can you get?  
They sent me to Nellis for six weeks to train  
They gave me a Mustang, it's no aero-plane!

We strafed and we bombed and we shot air to air  
Then off to Korea, we're fouled up for fair  
We came to K-Four-Six to fly with this Group  
My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop!

I flew my first mission and it was a snap  
Just follow the leader, don't look at a map  
But now I've got eighty and lead a sad flight  
Go out on armed recce and can't sleep at night!

Went up to MiG Alley, S-2 said no sweat  
If I had not looked 'round, I'd be up there yet  
Six MiGs jumped our ass and the Leader yelled "Break!"  
Sixty-one and three thousand, how my knees did shake!

If I live through a hundred and they ask for more  
I'll tell them to shove it, my ass is too sore  
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care  
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair!

## TOO LONG AT ITAZUKE

Too long at Itazuke  
Look just like a little gook  
Eyes that slant, nose that's flat  
Speak Japanese, "You caught a muskrat"  
Me work in rice-paddy  
Go Geisha house and drink saki  
Me jo-to Number One Japanese boy-san!

## KUNI-RI AND ANTUNG

(Tune: Cigareets and Whiskey)

Once I was happy and had a good deal  
Flew Fox-eighty-sixes at old Victorville  
They asked for a volunteer, said "I'll take you"  
The next thing I knew I was stuck in Taegu!

CHORUS: Kuni-ri and Antung, and Wild Wild Pyong-yang  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane  
Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane!

We go down to briefing while it is still night  
We lift off the runway before it is light  
We form in the gloom and we're off on our way  
We're over the target before it is day.

We're up to the Yalu, there's cons overhead  
We think of the Wheels who are snug in their beds  
We drop our big tips and we break to the right  
"Josie" we cry with all of our might!

We steer on 280, we're up in the soup  
We swear that the leader is doing a loop  
Break out in the clear and set down on K-2  
Be careful or Willy will write about you!

If I fly a hundred and they ask for more  
I'll tell them to jam it - my ass is too sore  
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care  
Just give me a wing job - a desk and a chair!

## BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT

(Tune: Barnacle Bill the Sailor)

The Air Corps is the life for me, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor  
I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an Aviator  
I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy  
I'll make the people moan and cry, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden.  
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden.

I'm rough and tough, I know my stuff, said Bill, the Aviator  
I'll fly this ship till I've had enough, said Bill, the Aviator  
I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel-roll and a spin  
I know a prop, I know a knick, and I know an elevator.

You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden  
You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden

I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in, roared Bill the Aviator  
I'll fight this ship with a flyer's grin, roared Bill, the Aviator  
He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do  
the trick

And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden  
Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden.

HER NAME IS GRACE

HER NAME IS GRACE  
SHE'S ONE OF THE BEST  
AND, OH WHAT A NITE  
WHEN I GAVE HER THE TEST.  
I LOOKED AT HER WITH JOY AND DELIGHT.  
FOR SHE WAS MINE, ALL MINE  
SHE LOOKED SO LOVELY, SO SWEET, AND SLIM.  
I'D SEEN HER STRIP  
I'D SEEN HER BARE  
I'D FELT HER ALL OVER,  
AND LOOKED EVERYWHERE.  
BUT THIS WAS THE NITE I LIKED HER BEST  
IF YOU'LL JUST WAIT I'LL TELL YOU THE REST.  
I GOT INSIDE HER, SHE SCREAMED WITH JOY  
FOR THIS WAS HER FIRST NITE ALONE WITH A BOY.  
I GOT HER UP HIGH AS QUICK AS I COULD,  
I HANDLED HER WILL, SHE WAS SO GOOD.  
I TURNED HER OVER ON HER SIDE,  
AND ON HER BACK AS WELL.  
IT WAS ONE GREAT BIG THRILL.  
SHE'S THE BEST IN THE LAND.  
THAT P-47 OF THE FIGHTER COMMAND.

## TOAST TO THE BLUE ANGELS

(Tune: This Old House)

This ole team gonna need revision  
This ole team gonna need a crew  
This ole team has thrived on gimmicks  
Have you seen our pink and blue?  
This ole team has frosty tailpipes  
This ole team has lost its charm  
And the Captain said the other day  
My boys, you've bought the farm.

Ain't gonna need this team no longer  
Ain't gonna need this team no more  
Ain't got time to learn the diamond  
Ain't got time to learn the score  
Ain't got nerve to do a bomb burst  
Or a plane to do the roll  
And we're looking for the P.I.O.  
Who got us in this hole!

This ole team can't fly in weather  
This ole team can't fly in rain  
This ole team is out of pints of blue  
We're called old yellow stain  
This ole team is getting lonesome  
This ole team has gone astray  
And we're just five angel puddy cats  
Awaitin' judgement day!

Ain't gonna need this team no longer  
Ain't gonna need this team no more  
Ain't got time to be a tiger  
Ain't got time to give a roar  
Ain't got planes that hold together  
Or that G-Suit underwear  
But we've got our pretty flying suits  
So we don't really care!

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

(Tune: Strip Polka)

Early in the morning  
When the engines start to roar  
You can see the old goat standing  
Beside his office door  
He'll be sweating out the take-off  
As he's often done before  
The man behind the armor plated desk.

Four times he's led us up there  
And he always led us back  
For he circled oe'r the I.P.  
As we went in to attack  
He said, "I'm hard yet fair, boys,  
But allergic to ack ack"  
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the target's sighted  
Who inspires our attack?  
Who says, "Hundreds may go in lads  
But a few aren't coming back."  
Who says, "We'll disregard the minimum  
When you supress the flak"  
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the mission's over  
And debriefing they should be  
You can search the whole field over  
But not a pilot you will see  
For they'll all be at the "O" club  
With a mixed drink in their hand  
Singing, "The Man Behind the Armor Plated Desk".



MY DARLING 39

(Tune: My Darling Clementine)

In the cockpit of the cobra  
Trying hard to reach the line  
But alas my engine faltered  
Fare thee well my 39!

CHORUS: Oh my darling, oh my darling  
Oh my darling 39  
You are lost and gone forever  
Fare thee well my 39.

When you're spinning very flatly  
And you've got a worried mind  
That's all brother, hit the jumpsack  
Bid farewell to your 39!

All the brass hats in our Congress  
They have signed the dotted line  
They are lucky they just bought it  
They don't fly the 39!

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die  
Old soldiers never die, they just fade a---way.  
Old sailors never buy, never buy, never buy  
Old sailors never buy, they just sail away.  
Old pilots never fly, never fly, never fly  
Old pilots never fly, they just draw their pay!

MOVEN ON

When you hear the patter of tiny feet  
It's the 49th in full retreat  
They're moven on, they'll soon be gone  
They've pushed around just long enough  
They're moven on.

Hey GI you pissed off me  
What's the matter you got no VD  
I'm moven on, I'll soon be gone  
Honey bucket turned over in the middle of the road  
I'm moven on.

Mama-san moven down the track  
With a GI baby strapped on her back  
She's moven on, she'll soon be gone  
If she catches GI papa-san  
He'll be moven on!

SAFE HAND MAIL

(Tune: Wreck of the Old 97)

They gave him his orders at old Itazuke  
Saying, "Bill, you're 'way behind time"  
Take this safe hand mail in your war-weary Mustang  
And put 'er in Nagoya on time."

Bill turned and he said to his black, greasy, crew-chief  
"Is my span-can ready to roll?  
Just head 'er down the runway and open up the throttle  
And I'll call Camel Control."

There was one dark cloud between Bofu and Nagoya  
But Bill was a gauge pilot bold  
It was in this cloud that he spun all his gyros  
And his Mustang did three snap rolls.

He came roarin' down the bottom doin' a million miles an  
hour  
When the tip-tanks came off with a scream  
They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle  
Still flying the Tokyo beam!

Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well  
Old Bill broke his Mustang all to hell  
There'll be no more suki-haki at good old Itazuke  
Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well!

(From "Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing" by Capt William F. ("Romeo") McCrystal.  
A similar version of this song also appears in "Songs of the 357th FIS")

There were ninety-seven airplanes warming up on the apron  
And they didn't have room for more  
The first ninety-six were of new construction  
But the last was a DH-4!

She was old and decrepit and the fuselage was rotten  
And the wings were warped and bent  
And she sagged in the middle like a cow in the pasture  
A cow that was quite content.

She was old 97 and she had a fine record  
But she hadn't been flown that year  
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine  
For she knew that her time was near.

A second lieutenant wandered into the office  
And he asked for a ship for two  
And they said, "Young man we are very short of airplanes  
But we'll see what we can do."

"Now the first forty-seven are reserved for the majors  
And the captains have the next forty-nine  
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron  
The last ship upon the line."

He was headed for Dayton, and from there to Columbus  
And he had to make that flight  
So he said "OK if you'll give me a clearance  
I will get there sometime tonight."

Oh, he flew over Birmingham and north Alabama  
And the ceiling began to fall  
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains  
And he couldn't see the ground at all.

He turned to the left and ran into a snow storm  
And he turned back to the right  
And he turned around, the fog was behind him  
And the mountains were all in sight.

He flew through rain and he flew through the snow storm  
Till the light began to fail  
Then he found a railroad that was going his direction  
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

He flew down the valley and he dodged around the mountains  
And he kept that road in sight  
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains  
And he ended his last long flight.

There was old 97 with her nose in the mountain  
And her wheels upon the track  
And the throttle was bent in the forward position  
But the engine was facing the back.

Ladies, listen to my story  
No matter how you yearn  
Never say harsh words to your aviator husband  
He may leave you and ne'er return. ("Songs of the Army Flyers') 33.

## WRECK OF THE OLD '97

There were 97 airplanes warming up on the apron  
Not enough room you could see  
Now the first ninety-six were of recent construction  
But the last one was a Fifty-one D.

She was old '97 and she had a fine record  
But she hadn't been flown that year  
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine  
For she knew that her time was near

A Second Lieutenant wandered into Operations  
And he asked for a ship or two  
And they said, "Young man, we are very short of airplanes  
But we'll see what we can do.

"Now the first forty-seven are reserved for Majors  
And the Captains have the next forty-nine  
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron  
The last ship upon the line."

He was headed for Wonju and from there to Chinhae  
And he had to make that flight  
So he said, "O.K., if you give me a clearance  
I will get there sometime tonight.

Oh, he flew over Taejon and the Taegu Airstrip  
And the ceiling began to fall  
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains  
And he couldn't see the ground at all.

He flew through rain and he flew through a snowstorm  
Till the light began to fail  
When he found a railroad going in his direction  
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

He flew down a valley and he dodged through the mountains  
And he kept that road in sight  
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains  
And he ended his last long flight.

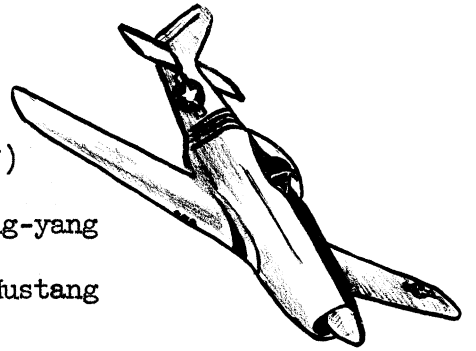
There was old '97, with her nose in the mountain  
And her wheels upon the track  
And her throttle was bent in the forward position  
But her engine was facing back!

Now ladies please listen and heed my warning  
From this time ever on  
Never speak harsh words to your flyboy husband  
He may leave you and never return.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

## SONG OF THE 18TH

(Tune: Wreck of the Old 97)



It's a long, long road from Pusan to Pyong-yang  
And the mountains are high and wide  
If my engine quits, you can write off a Mustang  
Cause I'm fixing to go over the side!

Col. McBride led his boys on a mission  
And the Chinks started throwing up flak  
He said, "Run 'em up, boys, and we'll clean out our engines  
And the drinks are on the last one to get back".

Close support is a damn fine sortie  
Cause you work so close to the troops  
You get hit twelve times by a '20 or a '40  
And your engine coughs and sputters and poops.

So you hit the silk and you land in a meadow  
And the Chinks start blazing away  
And a 'copter comes along and picks up your elbow  
Registration boys will find the rest some day.

It's a damn fine war and I love every mission  
And I guess I'm here to stay  
But I'd rather shag a broad by suggestive coition  
Or catch the clap in old Santa Fe.

## BLACKBIRDS

(Tune: Bye Bye Blackbird)

Here we stand on the ground  
We won't take off till the sun goes down  
We fly blackbirds . . .  
Go in low and come out fast,  
Keep those fighters off our . . . necks  
We fly blackbirds.

No one here can ever understand us  
You should hear the malarky they hand us  
Mix those drinks and mix 'em right  
Because we're standing down tonight  
Blackbirds we fly.

### THE HANDSOME YOUNG AIRMAN

A handsome young airman lay dying  
And as on the airdrome he lay  
To mechanics who 'round him came sighing  
These last parting words he did say:  
"Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,  
The connecting rods out of my brain,  
The crank-shaft out of my backbone  
And assemble the engine again."

(From "The American Songbag" edited by Carl Sandburg. Mr. Sandburg says about this World War I song: "One of the several in the R.W. Gordon collection, this version.. is from Abbe Niles who comments on how landlubber songs often are in active duty on the high seas and vice versa. 'Any living tune is a jack of all trades. This variant of Tarpaulin Jacket ten years ago (1917) on the flying fields was current among men who had never heard its original.'")

### A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING

A poor aviator lay dying  
At the end of a bright summer day  
His comrades had gathered around him  
To carry his fragments away.

His airplane was piled on his wishbone,  
His engine was wrapped round his head;  
He wore a sparkplug on each elbow,  
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

He spit out a valve and a gasket  
And stirred in the sump where he lay,  
To mechanics who round him came sighing,  
These brave parting words did he say:

"Take the magneto out of my stomach,  
And the butterfly valve off my neck  
Extract from my liver the crankshaft,  
There are lots of good parts in this wreck.

"Take the manifold out of my larynx,  
And the cylinders out of my brain,  
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys  
And assemble the engine again!"

(This version, with one or two minor changes, appears in the following books:  
"GI SONGS", "Songs of SOC", "Songs of the Army Flyers")

### BOOZIN' BUDDIES

A fighter pilot lay dying  
The medics had left him for dead  
All around him women were crying  
And these are the words that he said:

"Take the tailpipe out of my stomach  
Take the burner out of my brain  
Take the turbine out of my kidney  
And assemble the unit again.

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky  
Bosom buddies while boozin'  
We are the boys they send out to die  
Bosom buddies while boozin'

Up in headquarters they sing and they shout  
Talking of things they know nothing about!

We are the boys who fly high in the sky  
Bosom buddies while boozin'  
Bosom buddies while boozin'  
Bosom buddies while boozin'"

THE DOG PILOT'S LAMENT or WE WILL ABORT AGAIN

Oh come all ye pilots to our Rocket Meet,  
We will abort again.  
A low to the West and a low to the East,  
We will abort again.

CHORUS: We will-a, we will-a, we will abort  
We will-a, we will-a, we will abort  
We will abort, we will abort,  
We will abort again.

We waited two months for the weather to clear,  
We will abort again.  
We sat at the Club and we slopped up our beer,  
We will abort again.

Away went the weather and out came the sun,  
We will abort again  
The pilots were ready to make their one run,  
We will abort again

The Colonels and Generals went out for a look,  
We will abort again,  
The tow ship got airborne and dropped the damned hook,  
We will abort again.

The dart crew was ready that cold windy day,  
We will abort again  
The wind came along, blew our new dart away,  
We will abort again.

When finally they got that dart into the air,  
We will abort again.  
Horsefly took a look, and the dart wasn't there,  
We will abort again.

The dart drawn on paper looks good to the eye,  
We will abort again  
According to Orville the damned thing won't fly,  
We will abort again.

We abandoned the dart with the greatest aplomb,  
We will abort again  
Sent two thousand miles for the Newcastle Bomb  
We will abort again.



## MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

Once they were happy, completely at ease  
They flew their F-80's like a swingin' trapeze  
They looped 'em they rolled 'em, they bounced DC-3's  
But alas boys their wings have been clipped.

One day they approached Itazuke  
Jet leader called echelon right  
Mustangs at nine o'clock level  
Let's see if 8th Fighter will fight.

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right  
I think they see us says Jet four in fright  
They're all pullin' streamers says Jet number three  
Let's go home this is no place to be.

But the Mustangs had sighted the boogies  
They pulled through the top of a loop  
They dove on the trembling F-80's  
My God have they scrambled the Grooooooop.

The Jets headed home at a hundred percent  
In fact number four had the throttle stop bent  
Back to Misawa to Misawa they went  
Never to bounce any more.

### ADC PILOT'S LAMENT (This Old House)

ADC's got General Partridge, SAC's got Curt LeMay,  
TAC and CREWTAF get the glory while we pull alert all day.  
Scramble ulcers get the weakest, grey wall virus gets the rest.  
Try to take a short vacation; General Partridge pulls a test.

#### CHORUS:

I ain't gonna need my wife no longer, ain't gonna see my kids no more.  
Ain't got time to go to finance, can't get near the liquor store.  
All my golf clubs gettin' rusty and my game has gone to hell,  
All I do is sit and wait for; General Patty's scramble bell.

We take off into the darkest in the rain and sleet and snow,  
We go on a scramble vector of controllers in the know.  
There ain't really nothin' to it for our mission we all know,  
General Patty's right behind us with his motto "GO GO GO".

CHORUS . . . . .

FAREWELL TO \_\_\_\_\_

(Red River Valley)

From this pasture they say he was flying,  
Back in Fiscal year nineteen ought two,  
When the Jennies were still on the board yet,  
\_\_\_\_\_ we're gonna miss you.

The mechanic he started the engine,  
It fired up with a terrible sound,  
Dear old \_\_\_\_\_ climbed into the cockpit,  
Goosed the engine and leaped off the ground.

Now the night it was dark and so stormy,  
And that airplane it bucked and it rolled,  
There was three feet of snow in the cockpit,  
And poor \_\_\_\_\_'s rear end was so cold.

But the mail had to go through on schedule,  
So he headed due west with a grin,  
For this man was a Signal Corps pilot,  
On his tunic he wore wings of tin.

He was high o'er South Bend when it happened,  
When the engine it ran out of gas,  
There was no published IFR letdown,  
Looked like \_\_\_\_\_ was bustin' his \_\_\_\_\_.

But the mail had to go through on schedule,  
So he stuck out his arms like a crow,  
And he flapped on to his destination,  
Got a medal for being so bold.

\*\*\*\*\*

Then they sent him up North to Alaska,  
And since then he's been running the show.  
Though we've long since quit flying the Jennies,  
Don't tell him and it's sure he won't know.

I'VE GOT THE CLANKS

(You're just in love)

I hear vectors when the air is clear,  
I see bogies when there's no one near,  
I get clanky when I'm in the sky  
Way up so high,  
On GCI

I get shaky when I'm in the soup,  
Think I'll transfer back into the Group,  
Red lights in the cockpit of the Deuce  
Are out to clobber me,  
I've got the clanks.

We don't need supervision,  
We don't need T.O. revision,  
We don't need directives from the Group.  
We all know what's the matter,  
We just get a bunch of chatter,  
When we try to get the latest poop.

Colonel Chitty has no feeling,  
His letters are not revealing,  
Never says if he's pleased or not.  
There is nothing he can buy,  
To help me when I'm in the sky,  
'Cause I'm not brave, I've got the clanks!

- LONG LIVE THE IRISH -

THE FIRST AMERICAN SOLDIER TO KILL A JAP WAS MIKE MURPHY

THE FIRST AMERICAN PILOT TO SINK A JAP SHIP WAS COLIN KELLY

THE FIRST FLYER TO SHOOT DOWN A JAP PLANE WAS BUTCH O'HARE

THE FIRST AMERICAN TO BE DECORATED BY THE PRESIDENT WAS PAT DOWNS

THE FIRST GUARDSMAN TO SPOT A GERMAN SHIP WAS RED O'TOOLE

THE FIRST AMERICAN ADMIRAL TO BE KILLED LEADING HIS SHIP INTO COMBAT  
WAS DAN O'CALLAHAN

THE FIRST AMERICAN SHIP TO BE NAMED FOR BROTHERS WHO SACRIFICED THEIR  
LIVES TOGETHER IN COMBAT WERE THE SULLIVANS

THE FIRST SONOF A BITCH TO GET FIVE NEW TIRES FROM THE RATION BOARD  
WAS NATHAN GOLDSTEIN

## JET PILOTS IN THE SKY

Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky

An old F-80 was airborne one dark and windy day;  
And as he raised his landing gear, you could hear the pilot pray  
Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound  
Don't let that fire go out, dear Lord, 'til I am on the ground.  
Yippi I Ya Yippi I Yo-o-o  
Jet Pilots in the sky -----

Those Flying Fiends are here to stay, they say they're very mean,  
And you all know we're famous since 1917-----  
Though we may work on Holidays and weekends just the same,  
Those Pukin pups make History. Oh, bless that famous name.  
Yippi I Ya Yippi I Yo-o-o  
Jet Pilots in the Sky-----

And as our 80's leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame.  
The pilots all may go through Hell, but they fly 'em just the same  
The Crew Chiefs work forever to keep them flying high,  
And watch with satisfaction, as their plane goes screaming by.  
Yippi I Ya Yippi I Yo-o-o  
Jet Pilots in the Sky-----

Day and night our pilots fight, to live up to their name  
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on to fame.  
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high;  
They cuss and cry, live or die; Jet Pilots in the Sky.  
Yippi I Ya Yippi I Yo-o-o  
Jet Pilots in the Sky-----y-----

## JET PILOTS IN THE SKY

An F-102 got airborne one dark and windy day,  
And as he raised his landing gear you could hear the pilot pray,  
Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound,  
Don't let that fire go out dear Lord, till I am on the ground.  
Yippi I Ay, Yippi I O-O-O,  
Jet pilots in the sky.

Those flying fiends are here to stay, they say they're very mean,  
And you all know we're famous since 1917,  
Though we may work on holidays and weekends just the same,  
Those deuces do make history, oh bless that famous name.  
Yippi I Ay, Yippi I O-O-O,  
Jet pilots in the sky.

And as our deuces leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame,  
The pilots all may go through hell, but they fly 'em just the same,  
The Crew Chiefs work forever to keep them flying high,  
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by.  
Yippi I Ay, Yippi I O-O-O,  
Jet pilots in the sky.

Day and night our pilots fight to live up to their name,  
Other pilots come and go, but ours go on to fame,  
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high,  
They cuss and cry, live or die; Jet pilots in the sky.  
Yippi I Ay, Yippi I O-O-O,  
Jet pilots in the skyyyyyy.....

\* \* \* \* \*

## OLE GENERAL NECRASON

Ole General Necrason he woke up one day,  
He said, "Faith and begorie, I must earn my pay,  
So we'll transfer alert crews where housing is not,  
Send a few hundred airmen to some lonely spot."

PCS,  
Yes, All PCS.

So he called a big meeting, assembled his staff,  
Said, "It soon will be winter so give them some chaff,  
On very short notice, more schools, TDY,  
Cause I really just love to hear full Colonels cry."

PCS,  
Yes, All PCS

And with built in confusion his personnel shop,  
Cut the General some orders that he couldn't stop,  
Himself he had shafted, to Alaska he went,  
That's completed staff action, one hundred percent.

PCS,  
Yes, all PCS....

## PILOT'S LAMENT

(Tune: If I Had The Wings Of An Angel)

Now listen all you pilots and you airmen  
We will tell you a story sad but true  
Of many who wear wings but are not happy  
Gather 'round while we sing this song to you!

The many who wear wings but are not happy  
Wear a smile on their lips, not in their hearts  
They're overjoyed to wear the badge of an airman  
But are sad in getting off to such bad starts.

A reason there must be for discontentment  
Why the gloom as dark as any a blacked-out loop  
Just ask them one and all and they will tell you  
I'm not a member of the \_\_\_\_\_ Fighter Group!

## TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS HOME TO THE FOLKS

Whatta you gonna do with a drunken pilot  
Whatta you gonna do with a drunken pilot  
Whatta you gonna do with a drunken pilot  
Early in the morning?

Put him in the nose of a B-47 bomber  
Put him in the nose of a B-47 bomber  
Put him in the nose of a B-47 bomber  
Early in the morning.

We're going to bomb the sick and wounded  
We're going to bomb the sick and wounded  
We're going to bomb the sick and wounded  
Early in the morning.

We're gonna bomb the old and decrepit  
We're gonna bomb the old and decrepit  
We're gonna bomb the old and decrepit  
Early in the morning.

Ten thousand dollars home to the folks  
Ten thousand dollars home to the folks  
An engine goes ka-flowey - another pilot croaks  
And it's ten thousand dollars home to the folks.

MOTHER TAKE DOWN YOUR SERVICE FLAG

Mother take down your service flag  
Your son's in the S.O.S.  
He's S.O.L. but what the hell  
He never suffered less  
He may be thin but that's from gin  
Or else I miss my guess  
So mother take down your service flag  
Your son's in the S.O.S.

Mother put out your golden star  
Your son's going up in a Sop  
The wings are weak, the ship's a freak  
She's got a rickety prop  
The motor's junk, the pilot's drunk  
He's sure to take a flop  
So mother put out your golden star  
Your son's going up in the Sop .

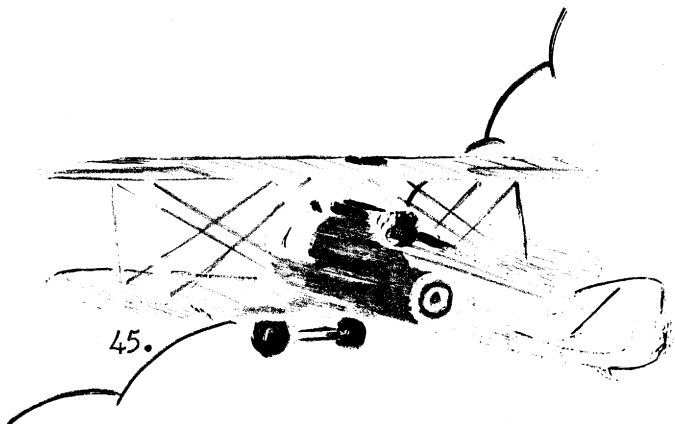
EIGHT BUCKS A DAY

Open up the throttle till the needle hits the peg  
Eight bucks a day - Eight bucks a day  
Dive and roll and loop her till she's wingless as a keg  
Eight bucks a day is the pay  
Close the gate - Lock the door  
Cause we won't come back to Langley any more  
We'll land at every flying field to San Francisco Bay  
Eight bucks a day is the pay.

I WANT TO GO HOME

(Air Service Stanza)

I want to go home! I want to go home!  
The gas tank is leaking, the motor is dead,  
The pilot is trying to stand on his head.  
Take me back to the ground; I don't want to fly upside down!  
Oh, my! I'm too young to die!  
I want to go home.



## AIR FORCE HYMN

(Tune: Quebec)

Lord, guard and guide the men who fly  
Thro' the great spaces of the sky  
Be with them traversing the air  
In darkening storms or sunshine fair.

Thou who doth keep with tender might  
The balanced birds in all their flight  
Thou of the tempered winds, be near,  
That, having Thee, they know no fear.

Control their minds with instinct fit  
What time, adventuring, they quit  
The firm security of land;  
Grant steadfast eye and skillful hand.

Aloft in solitudes of space,  
Uphold them with Thy saving grace  
O God, protect the men that fly  
Thro' lonely ways beneath the sky.

## THE FIGHTING 68TH

(Tune: McNamara's Band)

We're here to tell a story of Squadron 68  
Came over from Ashiya to join the Fighting Eighth  
They're sitting here before us, tapping up the brew  
They don't belong in a Fighter Group, but what can Chitty do?

CHORUS: La da da da - What can he do?  
La da da da - What can he do?  
La da da da - What can he do?  
Oh, they don't belong in a fighter group  
But what can Chitty do?

They fly their old nite fighters, they take off after dark  
They don't know what they're doing, they're just out for a lark  
They never brief, they always beef, fly strictly on a hunch  
Their call should be "Banana" cause they fly in such a bunch!

You know we also fly at night, thank God the times are few  
We often hear nite fighters saying "Moonshine, is that you?"  
"Moonshine, this is Feminine, this is Feminine I say  
Won't you tell those nasty Shooting Stars to land, they're in our way!"



### PASDE CALAIS

Now you can send me twice a day  
To the Pasde Calais  
But don't send me over the Rhur  
Send me to Paris or a target in France  
Any old place that I might have a chance  
You can send me twice a day  
To the Pasde Calais  
But don't send me over the Rhur.

You may think I'm wacky  
But I'm only slightly flacky  
Don't send me over the Rhur  
Now the alert's on the phone  
And the target's Cologne  
My God, that's on the edge of the Rhur.

Send me to Bremen or old Potsdam town  
Any place you can see thru the flak to the ground  
You can send me twice a day  
To the Pasde Calais  
But don't send me over the Rhur  
For even when I'm starting  
I'm planning on aborting  
Don't send me over the Rhur.

### IF YOU FLY

If you fly an 89 you must be dumb deaf and blind  
For your life ain't worth a dime, what's your scheduled blow-up time?

CHORUS: Will you go boom today? Will you go boom today?  
Two blew up yesterday, Allison ain't here to stay.

If you fly an 86 you must really get your kicks  
Bouncing the all-weather boys, playing with their radar toys.

If you fly a 94, you will never holler more  
For your lot we don't pine, it's better than an eighty-nine.

If you fly a Thunderjet you will really have no sweat  
For your life you will not pound, the clunker won't get off the ground.

### HAIL TO THE SQUADRON

Hail to the Squadron, Hail to the Corps  
Hail to all airmen who braved the skies before  
We're on the road to victory, thumbs up forever more  
Hail to the squadrons flying high  
Hail to the men who rule the sky  
Hail to the Army, the Army Air Corps.

### BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC

An Air Force lieutenant to Pusan did stole  
He'd just come back from a raid on Seoul  
When an old M.P. Sgt said, "Pardon me sir,  
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knees."

CHORUS: La de a, La de a  
There's blood on your tunic  
And mud on your knees.

Now look here Sgt, you bloody damn fool  
I've just come back from a raid on Seoul  
Where ack ack is flying and comforts are few  
And brave men are dying for bastards like you.

Now the old M.P. Sgt said, "Pardon me, sir,  
But on the Lt. I meant no slur  
But the girls down in Pusan are hard to please  
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knees!

### SPRING TIME ON THE YALU

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the MiGs come out to play  
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay  
We'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in  
We'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin.

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the napalm is in bloom  
And your 50s do the talking and it's just a MiG and you  
Once again you'll hear me whisper that my fuel is running low  
When it's spring time on the Yalu then it's time for us to go.

## KOREA

(Tune: I'm Looking Over A 4-Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over a well fought over  
Korea that I abhor  
One for the money  
And two for the show  
Ridgeway said stay  
But we want to go.  
There's no use explaining  
Why we're remaining  
We got what we were fighting for  
KOREA, KOREA, and diarrhea  
To make the rice grow some more!

## SEOUL CITY SUE

I drove a herd of oxen down  
Till I reached old Bon Chong way  
And there I met a Gook girl  
Who said she'd like to play.  
Her clothes were of a dirty blue  
Her hands and feet were too.  
I asked her what her name was,  
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

CHORUS: Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,  
Your hair is black, your eyes are too  
I'd swap my honey cart for you.  
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,  
No one smells of Kimchie,  
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue.

Oh, Korea, I must admit  
I owe a lot to you  
I came here from America  
To find Seoul City Sue  
Someday I'll take her back with me,  
And buy her perfumes too,  
So people can't be singing,  
"Here comes Seoul City Sue."

("Korea" is from "Songs of the 357th" "Seoul City Sue"  
is from "Songs of the Friendly 8th")

PUSAN U

(Tune: Sioux City Sue)

We were roaming round the countryside  
'Twas down near Pusan Bay  
We stepped into a local bar  
To pass the time away.  
I met a gal from old Chin Ju  
She was a sight to view  
I asked her where she came from  
and she said, "Pusan U."

CHORUS: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
The finest school in all the land  
The University that's grand  
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
I hail my Alma Mater  
Oh Pusan U, to you.

I enrolled in that great college  
Founded by Kim Pac Su  
'Twas built of honeybuckets  
So they called it Pusan U  
The smell it was terrific  
But fortune saw me through  
So now I lift this glass  
To the school of Pusan U.

CHORUS: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
Your course is good for engineers  
A frames, ox carts pulled by steers  
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
I hail my Alma Mater  
Oh Pusan U, to you.

I saw a girl most beautiful  
She was a sight to view  
She won a beauty contest  
She was crowned Miss Pusan U  
They spotted her in Hollywood  
Now she's a star there too  
When asked to what she owes her fame  
She says, "Oh Pusan U."

We have an A-1 baseball team  
We win our games straight through  
They ask us where we come from  
And we say, "Pusan U"  
We have a pitcher who is tops  
Our batters are good too  
And every time we come to bat  
The crowd yells, "Pusan U!"



AIR FORCE 801

(Tune: Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar  
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before  
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin moan  
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun  
My coulant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1  
You'd better call the crash crew, and get them on the run.

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke tower  
I cannot call the crash crew, this is their coffee hour  
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see  
So take it on around again, we have some VIP.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun  
My engine's runnin' ragged, and the coulant's gonna blow,  
I'm gonna prang a Mustang, so look out down below.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the final, and running on one lung  
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say  
I've gotta get my charts fixed up before that Judgement Day.

Air Force 801, this is Judgement Day'  
You're in Pilot's Heaven, and you are here to stay  
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well  
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to Hell.

## FLAK SHOWERS

(Tune: April Showers)

Although flak showers may come your way  
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say  
"My fuel is Josephine, I'm going home  
So if you want to stay and fight, you may  
Stay and fight alone!  
I've added throttle, I'm on my way  
I'll live to come back some other day  
So keep on strafing that position  
And knock it out for me  
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see!

## THE RIVER RAN RED

(Tune: The Good Ship Titanic)

Number One was having fun, Number Two got quite a few  
Number Four got some more as he said  
Oh, the river ran red with the blood of the dead  
as we came around and tried to get some more.

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts  
Little children sucking tits had them shot right from their mitts.  
Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead  
as we came around and tried to get some more.

There were women in the crowd, little children cried aloud  
But they all carried guns for the foe  
There were some who turned around, when they heard that  
awful sound  
As we came around and tried to get some more.

Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in their prime  
But they got Number Three, don't you see  
Yes, they shot him down with flak, and they broke his bloody  
back  
As we came around and tried to get some more.

(Repeat first verse)

## NAPALM

(Tune: The Good Ship Titanic)

It was up by Sopori where the Yalu meets the sea  
I was out on a recce to see what I could see  
When I spied a farmer man with his pitchfork in his hand  
It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad  
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit the farmer)  
There were husbands and wives  
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)  
It was sad when my napalm went down!

It was up by Kuniri where I won my D.F.C.  
I was out on a recce to see what I could see  
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go  
It was sad when those rockets went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad  
It was sad when those rockets went down (Hit the steeple)  
All the people ran like hell  
When those rockets hit the bell  
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Sinanju when I knew that I was through  
The 50's and 40's had shot my turbine through  
It was when I hit the silk - oh my God I strained my milk!  
It was sad when that pilot went down!

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad  
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit the bottom)  
There were husbands and wives  
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)  
It was sad when that pilot went down.

## RAIL CUTTERS

(Tune: Cold, Cold Heart)

I tried so hard, Wild Bill, to cut  
That streak of railroad track  
But I'm afraid that all I did  
Was dodge that flying flak  
I know that one is all it takes  
To blow my ass apart  
Why can't I get just one rail cut  
And melt your cold, cold heart?

## THE OLD BOMBARDMENT GROUP

Fill that barrel up - We'll drink a loving cup - To bombers one by one  
Drown your sorrow and forget tomorrow - For tomorrow never comes  
Here's a health to Anti Aircraft - Here's a bumper to Pursuit, God help them  
Join in all of you - We'll drink a barrel to the Old Bombardment Group.

## EARLY ABORT

(Tune: MacNamara's Band)

Oh, my name is Col. Napier and I'm the leader of the group  
If you will step into my tent I'll give you all the poop  
I'll tell you where the Commies are and where the flak is black  
I'll be the first one off the deck and I'll be the first one back!

CHORUS: Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush  
Early abort, avoid the rush, oh, the Liberty Squadron's on parade!

My name is Major Swan and I lead old Liberty  
And if I go on rail cuts, my boys will follow me  
But if you say Pyong-yang, I'll tell you what I'll do  
Get into your plane and go ahead, and I'll wait here for you.

I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things they do  
But if you'll come down to the lines, you'll see they're far from true  
The pilots they are ready, but let their skipper shout  
And all those bastards yell at once, "My mags they won't check out!"

And then I'm sure you know of the leaders in the wing.  
Any night in the "O" Club you can hear how well they sing.  
With words they fight a hell of a war, they say they wanta go too  
But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do!

Oh, I fly the old Invader and Douglas says it's great  
But when it comes to fighting MiGs, these bastards just don't rate  
I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue  
But when it comes to fightin' MiGs, I'll tell you what I will do!

Now when this war is over and we're back in the U.S.A.  
We'll fly the planes in all war games and do what the generals say  
But if we have another war and they give us the twenty-six  
To hell with all the general staffs, we won't get in that fix!



## THE MISSION

(Tune: The Thing)

I looked upon the schedule and was as happy as a king  
For once I had a mission when I wasn't flying wing  
I went down to the briefing room and my tiger blood went ping - -  
For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing!  
For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing!

The mission was all briefed to go at quarter after nine  
Big Dog had given us all the poop, the weather, it was fine  
"One word of advice," he said to us, "Thought I hate to spoil your fun  
Stay out from in front of that MiG-15, it's got too big a gun!  
Stay out from in front of that MiG-15, it's got too big a gun!"

We were augerin' around away up there as watchful as could be  
Reichman said, "Take a look at six and see what you can see."  
I took a look at six o'clock and much to my surprise - -  
I discovered a MiG-15, right before my eyes!  
I discovered a MiG-15, right before my eyes!

The cannon balls were flying around as thick as they could be  
I took one look and said, says I, this ain't no place for me  
I rolled it over and sucked it through and took it down below - -  
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come back no mo!  
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come back no mo!

I shoved the throttle to the wall a runnin' for my life  
Skelton said, "Come back you coward and join into the strife."  
"Your ass," said I with quaking voice, "This ain't no place for me."  
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea!  
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea!

I rolled it out of that six-G turn out over the briny deep  
That MiG could not have followed me cause I sure racked it steep  
But when I looked back, oh there he sat, as fat as he could be - -  
And he was shooting those cannon balls, and they were coming right at me!  
And he was shooting those cannon balls, and they were coming right at me!

I took a hit upon the wing, another in the tail  
The way that Sabre was lurchin' around I'd surely have to bail  
I braced myself and said a prayer and pulled the handle red - -  
Oh, if I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead!  
Oh, if I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead!

The moral of this story is, if you're up in a fight  
And you've got a MiG at six o'clock, and he's all tucked in tight  
DON'T ever roll out or pull it up, that's my advice to you  
Cause you'll never get rid of the S.O.B. no matter what you do  
Cause you'll never get rid of the S.O.B. no matter what you do.

## THE FORMATION

Here's a health to the formation leader, a jolly good fellow is he  
He uses three star navigation, and flies on Bacardi  
Here's a health to the leader's two wingmen, to the gunner within his turrelle  
Here's a health to the whole damn formation, we'll fly reviews in Hell!

## RED NOSE MIGS

(Tune: Shrimp Boats)

Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'  
Not a Sabre in sight  
Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'  
And they want to fight  
Let's hurry, hurry home  
Oh won't you hurry, hurry home?  
Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'  
Not a Sabre in sight!

## MIG 15

(Tune: I T'ought I taw a Puttycat)

I t'ought I taw a MiG-15  
A tweeping up on me  
I did, I did, I taw him  
As big as he could be!

I am that great big MiG-15  
Ivan is my name  
And if I catch that '84  
I'll shoot him down in flame!

## ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow  
I lost my jet pilot from flying so low  
He put on an air show, he did it for me  
At altitude zero he clobbered a tree  
With throttle wide open he made his last pass  
On top of old Fuji he busted his ass!

### ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG

On top of old Pyongyang, all covered with flak  
I lost my poor wing man, he'll never get back  
For flying is pleasure, and dying a grief  
And a quick-triggered Commie, is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you and take all you save  
But a quick-triggered Commie will send you to the grave.  
The grave will decay you and turn you to dust  
Not a Commie in a thousand can an old Mustang trust.

Now the moral of this story is easy to see  
Don't go to Sinanju, or old Kuniri.

Now when the bad weather keeps the ships down  
All day we can hear this, this horrible sound:  
Attention all pilots - Now listen to this  
There'll be a short meeting that you dare not miss.

They'll give us some lectures, then give us some more  
But we have all heard them, twenty-five times or more.  
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the Group  
Whatever they tell you is superfluous poop.

### A NAVY PRAYER

Our father who art in Washington  
Truman is thy name  
The Navy's done  
The Air Force won  
On the Atlantic as in the Pacific  
Give us this day our appropriation  
And forgive us our accusations  
As we forgive our accusers.  
Lead us not into temptation  
But deliver us from Matthews and Johnson  
For thine is the power  
The B-36 and the Air Force  
Forever and ever. Airmen.

## STRAFIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

(Tune: She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old  
To the tale of fighter pilots young and bold  
With their fighters painted yellow  
Leaping off to contact Mellow  
In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold.

It was dive bomb old Sinuiju, stop the Reds  
Eight one thousand pounders loaded, instant heads  
Four birds lined up on the runway  
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday  
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds.

Twenty thousand over Pyong Yang on Northwest  
Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test  
Till at last the Yalu River  
Which makes my liver quiver  
With flak guns lined up twenty-four abreast.

Dust clouds roll up from Antung 'cross the way  
Twenty swept-wing Chinese war birds out to play  
Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes  
All lit up like Christmas trees  
Tip tanks salvoed off we leap into the fray.

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste  
Twenty victory rolls our pilots do with grace  
It was thrilling, it was hairy  
Near that privileged sanctuary  
Synghman Rhee will soon be president of this place.

Kimpo Tower, this is Gas Mask Willie Four  
I am heading home, I'm through with this damn war  
I am flying on to Taegu  
Heading one-five-two to K-2  
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more.

## ODE TO THE B-29

(Tune: Whiffenpoof Song)

We are four little fans who have lost our way, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR  
We are four little fans who have gone astray, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR  
One third pilot out on the left, one third pilot out on the right,  
"George" is flying with all his might! GROWR, GROWR, GROWR!!

## MOONSHINE

(Tune: You Are My Sunshine)

You are my moonshine, my only moonshine  
You guide my fighters  
When skies are grey  
I chase your bogies from here to Moji  
Just to find they have gone the other way.

The other day boys, as I was flying  
I heard Moonshine Controller say:  
"I've got a bogie down by Kurume  
Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact  
And I believed him like a dope  
I flew to Moji - and still no bogie  
He had chased a fly across the scope!

You were my moonshine, my only moonshine  
How could you let me down this way?  
My chute was swingin' - they heard me singin'  
Won't you take that Moonshine away!

## FAREWELL TO ANTUNG UNIVERSITY

Farewell to Antung University, I have risen to reality  
Forty thousand is no place for me, with MIG-15s in the vicinity  
With cannon balls flying all around, makes me wish that I'd stayed on  
the ground  
I should join the infantry, or take the Navy and go out to sea.

Where did Red Leader go, when I called out "Bingo"  
That's what I'd like to know, just where'n the hell did he go?  
He called "Red Flight, BREAK RIGHT", all I did was tuck in tight  
He climbed up in the sun and that's when the fun begun!

Flashes behind me, flashes all around  
Flashes above me, and flashes on the ground.  
I called "Red Leader, where in the hell did you roam?  
Clear yourself and ride the Mach cause I am going home"!.  
.

THE ITAZUKE O R T

(When You Wore A Tulip)

When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang  
In the Itazuke O R T;  
Other pilots went to briefing,  
We stayed in the sack a'sleeping,  
Hotter Stones you'll never see;  
We were hotter than Tobasco  
When Group pulled each fiasco,  
We excelled in proficiency:  
When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang,  
In the Itazuke O R T.

MEET ME IN KYOTO

(Meet Me In St. Louis)

Meet me in Kyoto, Moto,  
Meet me at the shrine  
Take your shoes off when you enter,  
Or you'll pay a fine  
We will have some sukiyaki  
Then we'll have a cup of saki, if you'll  
Meet me in Kyoto, Moto  
Meet me at the shrine.

## HUTCH'S BALLAD

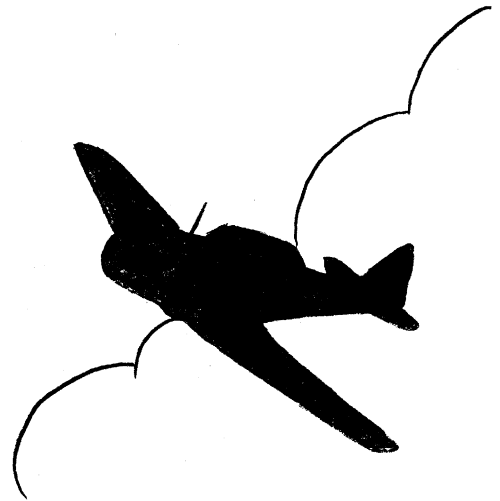
(Tune: Sure a Little Bit of Heaven)

Sure, our target it was bunkers  
Way out in the hills so grand  
Located in Korea, right next to no-man's land  
Our fans now they were G.I.'s  
And they thought our Mustangs grand  
As we circled o'er the target  
Watching "Willie Peter" land.

But our controller was neurotic  
Near the ground he wouldn't go  
We toggled off our babies  
And we watched them hit below  
He had placed his rockets wildly  
And he'd fouled the whole damn show  
But when we got the grading  
Sure it was Zero - Zero.

Sure a little bit of airplane fell  
From out the sky one day  
It landed west of Pyongyang  
Not very far away  
Comet Red won't be coming back  
It made us very blue  
But we went on to our target  
And we dropped our babies true.

So, we springled it with fifties  
Just to keep their heads down low  
Then we hurried back to S-2  
To lie about our show  
When you read it in the papers  
All about the 18th's capers  
You will know it's propoganda  
For old Barcus, bless his soul.



TACHIKAWA, YOKOHAMA, ITAZUKE

(Tune: Hawaiian War Chant)

Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke  
Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke  
Tachikawa - - Yokohama - - Itazuke is the place!

Ah, So, (Tachikawa); Ah, So, (Yokohama)  
Ah, So, (Itazuke); Ah, So, KIMPO!

Frozen Chosen is the place for you, my boy  
Frozen Chosen is the place for you, my boy  
Frozen Chosen, Chosen Frozen, Frozen Chosen is the place!

Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, (Chosen Frozen)  
Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, KIMPO!

ONCE THEY WERE HAPPY

(Tune: Man on the Flying Trapeze)

Once they were happy, completely at ease  
They flew their F-80's like a swingin' trapeze  
They looped 'em, they rolled 'em, they bounced DC-3's  
But alas boys, their wings have been clipped!

One day they approached Itazuke  
Jet leader called "Echelon right!  
Mustangs at nine o'clock level  
Let's see if 8th Fighter will fight!"

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right  
I think they see us, says Jet Four in fright  
They're all pullin' streamers, says Jet Number Three  
Let's go home, this is no place to be!

The jets headed home at a hundred percent  
In fact Number Four had the throttle stop bent  
Back to Misawa, to Misawa they went  
Never to bounce any more!



## SONG OF R AND R

(Tune: Moonlight on the Wabash)

When the ice is on the rice at Tachikawa  
And the Sake in the cellar starts to freeze  
I don't want to see my wife in San Francisco  
I just want to see my little Nipponese!

## THE PO RIVER VALLEY

(Tune: Red River Valley)

To the Po River Valley we're going  
For to get us some trains and some tracks  
But if I had my say-so about it  
I'd still be back home in the sack.

Come and sit by my side at the briefing  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu  
To the Po River Valley we're going  
And I'm flying Four in Flight Blue.

We went for to check on the weather  
And they said it was clear as can be  
Now I lost my wingman 'round the field  
And the rest augered in out at sea.

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going  
S-2 said there's no flak on the way  
There's a dark overcast o'er the target  
I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

A spitfire went by like a whirlwind  
And a Mustang went by like a breeze  
And a C-46 with one feathered  
Went by towing five L-3's.

To the Po River Valley we're going  
And many strange sights we will see  
But the one there that held my attention  
Was the flak that they threw up at me.

## CHEERS, CHEERS

(Notre Dame Song)

Songs of the 71st

Cheers, cheers to old Col. Glen  
He's got the situation in hand  
Came to us right straight from FEAF  
As wing commander he can't be beat

He'll never falter, he'll never fall  
Birds on his shoulder win over all  
Sends out paper by the ton  
But that's how all wars are won

Cheers, cheers to old Col. Dick  
As Deputy Commander he'll make things click  
Came to us right straight from SAC  
We hope he never has to go back

He has been flying since days of old  
In Curtis biplanes so we've been told  
Flying pay he likes to earn  
So loop, roll, spin, crash, and burn

Cheers, cheers to our Col. Lew  
At all the parties he drinks the brew  
Sends us tigers out to die  
In bent wing Sabres up in the sky

He's never grouchy, he's never tired  
His favorite saying, "No sleep required"  
Never seems to have to rest  
From flying that large steel desk

Cheers, cheers to old Major Case  
The fattest tiger here on the base  
He likes things so neat and clean  
Sweep up the floor and mop the latrine

Polish the brasswork, paint up the shack  
I'm going flying but I'll be back  
See you here at half past four  
To paint up the shack some more

Cheers, cheers to Seventy First  
Things could be better, couldn't be worse  
We no longer fly all day  
Now with a paint brush we earn our pay

Primary duty now can be seen  
Painting the walls a nauseous green  
We're not pilots any more  
For we have to paint the floor

SWEET SUZANNE

SUZANNE WAS A LADY WITH PLENTY OF CLASS  
WHO KNOCKED 'EM DEAD WHEN SHE WIGGLED HER

EYES AT THE FELLOWS AS GIRLS SOMETIMES DO  
TO MAKE IT QUITE PLAIN SHE'S ACHING TO

TAKE IN A MOVIE OR GO FOR A SAIL  
AND THEN HURRY HOME FOR A NICE PIECE OF

CHOCOLATE CAKE AND A SLICE OF ROAST DUCK  
FOR AFTER A MEAL SHE'S READY TO

GO FOR A RIDE OR A STROLL ON THE DOCK  
WITH ANY YOUNG MAN WITH A SIZEABLE

ROLL OF BILLS AND A PRETTY GOOD FRONT  
AND IF HE TALKED SHE'D LET HIM TAKE HOLD OF HER

LILY WHITE HANDS WITH A MOVEMENT SO QUICK  
AND THEN SHE'D REACH OVER AND TICKLE HIS

CHIN WHILE SHE SHOWED HIM A TRICK LEARNED IN FRANCE  
AND ASKED THE POOR FELLOW TO TAKE OFF HIS

COAT WHILE SHE SANG OF THE INDIAN SHORE  
FOR WHATEVER SHE WAS --- SUZANNE WAS NO BORE.

SOLO: We're going to burn down the outhouse!  
CHORUS: BOO!  
SOLO: But! We'll build a new one!  
CHORUS: HOORAY! (Repeat chorus after each solo  
SOLO: Our town has only one bar!  
But it's one hundred feet long!  
Our bar has only one bartender!  
Every ten feet!  
Our barmaids wear long dresses!  
Made out of cellophane!  
You can't walk upstairs with our barmaids!  
You've got to take the elevator!  
You can't sleep with our barmaids!  
They won't let you sleep!

SAMUEL HALL

Oh, my name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall  
Oh, My name is Samuel Hall, and I hate you one and all,  
You're a lot of muckers all . . .  
Damn your eyes!

Oh, I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said,  
Oh, I killed a man 'tis said, for I hit him on the head,  
And I left him there for dead . . .  
Damn his eyes!

And they put me in the quad, in the quad,  
Yes, they put me in the quad, with a chain and iron rod,  
And they left me there, by God . . .  
Damn their eyes!

Oh, the parson he did come, he did come,  
Oh, the parson he did come, and he looked so bloody glum  
As he talked of kingdom come . . .  
Damn his eyes!

And the sheriff he came too, he came too  
And the sheriff he came too, with his bloody boy in blue,  
They've a hanging job to do . . .  
Damn their eyes!

So, it's up the rope I go, up I go,  
So, it's up the rope I go with my friends all down below,  
Saying, "Sam, I told you so" . . .  
Damn their eyes!

Oh, let this be my knell, be my knell  
Oh, let this be my knell, as ye listen to my yell  
Hope to God you sizzle well . . .  
Damn your eyes!

## THE FAIRCHILD ABORTION

(Tune: Strawberry Roan)

Out on the flight line one cold Sunday morn  
Sat the Fairchild Abortion all battered and torn  
The wings were sagging, the tires were flat  
The Form One had a red line, I'll bet you on that.

We fired up both engines with mixtures full rich  
And took to the runway with that son of a bitch  
We pushed on power, then farted and stalled  
And got off the runway, no airspeed at all.

We call to the tower, "Single engine", we say  
"What the Hell", said the tower, "We got them all day."  
"Go Around", said the tower, "We can't let you land  
We got Gooks on the runway dragging off sand".

We milked up the flaps, and rolled in the trim  
Over the tree tops that old wreck she did skim  
We turned on final and free fell the gear  
The Engineer murmured, "Please have no fear".

The pilot was scared, the co-pilot too  
The engineer had all he could do  
The runway was coming and coming up fast  
One third of the runway had already passed.

We pulled off power and she settled in fast  
That One-twenty-three had landed at last!

## THE INVADER

Oh, the Invader is a very fine airplane  
Constructed of steel and tin  
It will do over three hundred level  
The plane with the tailwind built in!  
Oh, why did I join the Air Force  
Mother, dear Mother knew best  
For here I lie in the wreckage  
Invader all over my chest!

A BOMBER FLIES 10,000 MILES

(Tune: A Gay Caballero)

Our bomber flies ten thousand miles,  
Our bomber flies ten thousand miles,  
But a bomb like a cherry  
Is all it can carry  
When our bomber flies ten thousand miles.

Steady boys, steady boys  
Here comes another big lie.  
Said pilot to bomber, "How slick,  
Finding this target's no trick - -  
But my God, how strange  
We're fresh out of range,  
Strap on my parachute quick."

The Air Force sure has the life grand - -  
Wine, women and song is the plan;  
There's medals by baskets  
For flying our caskets  
In the M-G-M starlet command.

F-80's are certainly keen  
If to daring your tendencies lean - -  
But we want it said,  
We'd not be caught dead  
In such an infernal machine.

With our bombers the world will be shocked,  
At three hundred miles they've been clocked - -  
But while dreaming up tricks,  
With the B-36,  
We've all had our heads up and locked.

The X-1 was cruising the blue,  
The pilot felt something quite new;  
Christ what a sensation  
Where's Public Relations  
The legion of merit will do.

Our bomber goes ten thousand miles,  
We claim it but only with smiles,  
While crashing the barrier - -  
We pooh, pooh the carrier,  
That really goes ten thousand miles.

Oh, we know what we're saying is true,  
We got it directly from Stu,  
We love the blue yonder - -  
But sometimes we wonder,  
Just who's doing what and to who.

So listen young men as we say,  
Be careful of wings and flight pay  
There's no prohibitions  
On suicide missions,  
Soooooo - - come - - join the Air Force today.

## "G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES

(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)

Once there was a barmaid down in Brewery Lane  
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same  
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be  
He was the cause of all her misery!

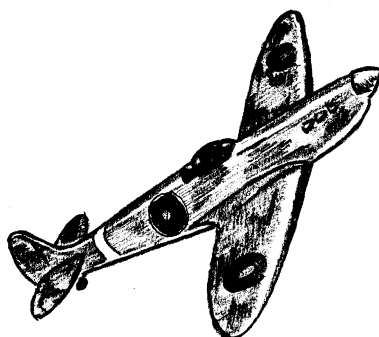
CHORUS: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes  
And uniforms of blue  
He'll fly a fighter  
Like his daddy used to do!

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head  
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead  
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm  
Climbed in bed beside him, just to keep the pilot warm!

Now in the morning before the break of day  
A five-pound note he handed her, and this to her did say  
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done  
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son  
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair  
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air!"

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see  
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee  
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly  
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by!

FINAL CHORUS: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes  
And uniforms of blue  
She'll never fly a fighter  
Like her daddy used to do!



## ONE HAND ON THE THROTTLE

One hand on the throttle  
(Repeat)  
One hand on the bottle  
(Repeat)  
Both feet in my pockets  
(Repeat)  
Off we go into the wild blue yonder  
....Crash!

\_\_\_\_\_ Fighter Squadron

I love a billboard, I always will  
A sexy billboard gave me  
My first thrill  
When I was only a little child  
A sexy billboard drove me wild,

HERE'S TO \_\_\_\_\_

Here's to \_\_\_\_\_, he's true blue  
He's a drunkard through and through  
He's a drunkard, so they say  
Oh he might go to heaven, but he went  
the other way.  
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug  
So drink               "               "               "

## LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Let's have a party, let's have some fun  
Let's have a party, the \_\_\_\_\_ Fighter Group is here  
tonight.  
Break right, break left, streamers off the wing  
Snap dragons, sweet rolls, we do everything  
We're the joy boys from Itazuke  
Hello, hello, hello, hello-o-o!



### HAIL YOU FIGHTER PILOTS

From Pohunkus, Tennessee  
Came a bastard that was me  
And my father shoveled snow  
From off the street  
Well, when I was very young  
He found a diamond in the dung  
And he sent me here to sing this song to you!

So hail, oh hail, you fighter pilots  
Fill your glasses full of brew  
And we'll have another glass  
To the latest horses ass  
In the squadrons of the yellow and the blue!

### I'VE GOT SIX-PENCE

I've got sixpence - jolly, jolly sixpence  
I've got sixpence to last me all my life  
I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend  
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

No cares have I to grieve me  
No pretty little girls to deceive me  
I'm happy as a lark believe me  
As we go rolling rolling home

Rolling home, rolling home  
By the light of the silvery moon  
Happy is the day, when the AIR FORCE gets its pay  
As we go rolling rolling home.

### THREE DRINKING SONGS

(Tune: The Girl I Left Behind Me)

Oh.....The liquor was spilt on the bar room floor  
And.....The bar was closed for the night  
When....Out of his hole the little mouse crept  
And.....He sat in the pale moonlight.

He.....Licked up the liquor on the barroom floor  
Then....On his haunches he sat  
And.....All night long you could hear him roarrr:  
"Bring On Your God Damn Cat, Hic, Cat, Hic, Cat!

### ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

If all little girls were like sheep in the pasture  
And I was a ram, I would make them run faster

CHORUS: So roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over  
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon!

If all little girls were like little white rabbits  
And I was a hare, I would teach them bad habits

If all little girls were like little white flowers  
And I was a bee, I would buzz them for hours

If all little girls were like little white chickens  
And I was a rooster, I would give them the dickens

If all little girls were like little ole turtles  
And I was a turtle, I'd get in their girdles

### CHICKEN SONG

We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay  
We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay  
My wife said, honey it's striking me funny  
We're losing money, no eggs would they lay  
One day a rooster flew into the yard  
And caught the chickens right off their guard

They're laying eggs now, just like they used to do  
Ever since that rooster flew ~~into the~~ yard  
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to do  
Ever since that rooster flew into the yard.

## PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS

(Tune: Take Me Out To The Ballgame)

Parties, Banquets, and Balls, boys  
Parties, Banquets, and Balls  
As President Truman has said before  
There's only one way to stay out of a war  
That's with Parties, Banquets, and Balls, boys,  
Parties, Banquets, and Balls  
We'll have Parties and Banquets  
And Banquets and Parties  
And Balls, Balls, Balls!

## PARTIES

Oh, parties make the world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
So-o-o-o-o-o Let's have a party!

We're never too busy to say hello  
We're never too busy to say hello  
We're never too busy to say hello  
HELLO - HELLO - HELLO!

## SQUADRON SONG

Oh, we are the boys from 3-2-5  
You've heard so much about  
Mothers keep their daughters in  
Whenever we go out!

We're always full of whiskey  
We're always full of booze  
Oh, we are the boys from 3-2-5  
Now who the hell are yooze?

As we go marching  
And the band begins to P-L-A-Y  
You can hear the people shouting  
Raggedy Razz, Raggedy Razz  
3-2-5 on parade!

Whowawa  
Who owns this club, whowawa  
Who owns this club, whowawa  
Who owns this club, the people cried  
We own this club  
We own this club  
Three twenty fifth squadron we replied!!

## LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go round  
World go round, world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
Let's have a party!

### SOLO

### CHORUS

Now, we're gonna tear down the bar in the officer's club	BOO!
We're gonna build us a new bar	RAY!
It's only gonna be one foot wide	BOO!
But it's gonna be a mile long	RAY!
There's gonna be no bartenders at our bar	BOO!
There's only gonna be barmaids	RAY!
Our barmaids will wear long dresses	BOO!
Made out of cellophane	RAY!
You can't take our barmaids to your bunks	BOO!
They take you to their bunks	RAY!
You can't sleep with our barmaids	BOO!
They don't let you sleep	RAY!
Soda's gonna be ten bucks a glass	BOO!
Whiskey free	RAY!.
Only one to each pilot	BOO!
Served in buckets	RAY!
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river	BOO!
And then we'll all go swimming	RAY!
Now no girls are allowed in the USO hall	BOO!
With their clothes on	RAY!
There'll be no lovin' on the dance floor	BOO!
And no dancing on the lovin' floor	RAY!

Parties make the world go round  
World go round,...

.....

Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil  
Lives on top of garbage hill  
Never took a bath  
Never will  
Ach! Ptui! Dirty Lil!

WE HEARD YOU WHEN YOU SANG

\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, we heard you when you sang  
We don't like it, but we'll listen,  
For tomorrow you'll probably prang.

This is table number one,  
Number one, number one,  
This is table number one,  
Where in the hell is two?

This is table (Squadron number)  
Who in the hell are you?

This is table BEST OF ALL  
BEST OF ALL, BEST OF ALL  
This is table BEST OF ALL  
Who in the hell are you?

BEER SONG

For it's beer, beer, beer,  
That makes you want to cheer  
In the corps, in the corps  
For it's beer, beer, beer  
That makes you want to cheer  
In the Tro-o-o-p Carrier Corps!

My eyes are dim, I cannot see  
I have (HI) not (HO) brought my  
Specs with me!  
Whiskey that makes you feel so frisky  
Gin that makes you want to sin  
Vodka that makes you feel too hotka  
Old Saturn that makes your belly burn  
Old Vermouth that makes you feel uncouth  
Bourbon that makes you feel so chirpe  
Wine that makes you feel so fine

### INTO THE AIR

Into the air, U. S. Air Force  
Into the air, pilots true  
Into the air, U. S. Air Force  
Keep your nose up in the blue  
And when you hear the engines roaring  
And the steel props start to whine  
Then you can bet the U. S. Air Force  
Is along the fighting line!

### STRAFERS

When I was a cadet, an innocent lad  
The Chaplain told me the good from the bad  
And of all of his words, these were his last  
Never fly high and never fly fast.

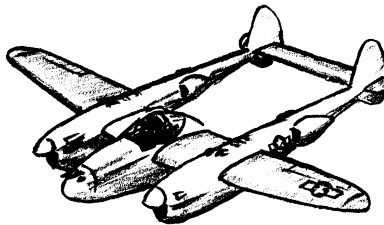
So I joined up the strafers with these words in mind  
And off to New Guinea did go  
But when I got there I was to find  
The strafers fly too gosh darn low....Oh!

We fly o'er the treetops with inches to spare  
There's smoke in the cockpit and gray in our hair  
The tracers look fine as strafing we go  
But brother you're flying just too gosh darn low!

### MY WILD EYED CADET

(Tune: My Wild Irish Rose)

My wild eyed cadet - he ain't learned nothing yet  
He noses her down when close to the ground  
My wild eyed cadet!  
He slips in his banks - if he lives, we'll all give thanks!  
I hear drums beating low and men marching slow  
Behind wild eyed cadets!



## SING HALLELUJAH FOR MANEUVERS

Sing hallelujah for maneuvers  
For maneuvers we're on our way  
Now don't be grieving cause we're leaving  
We'll be back the first of May  
Good times lie before us  
Not that you bore us  
But we like to get away  
Sing hallelujah for maneuvers  
For maneuvers we're on our way.

## LOOK AT THE EARS ON HIM

I heard they wanted men to fight as aviators bold  
So I went down, held up my hand, and this is what they told:  
"You'll go to Kelly Field and learn to navigate the sky"  
When I got there I was "SOL" for this is how I fly:

CHORUS: "Look at the ears on him, on him  
Oh! How do you get that way?"  
That was the greeting I received as I marched in today.  
First they put me into the kitchen, "KP" was my name,  
I wrote my girl that I was a flier  
Gee! but I'm a wonderful liar.  
"Look at the ears on him, on him,  
Oh! How do you get that way?"  
That is the only battle cry I hear both night and day  
If I'm to fight in this great war and end the Kaiser's reign  
They'd better take up me kettles and pans  
And give me an aeroplane!

I've peeled a million spuds since I've been in this flying game  
I've swung a pick and shovel, 'Till my weary back is lame  
I've navigated lots of ground but not an inch of sky  
And when I ask about aeroplanes, I hear the same old cry: (CHORUS)

## BREAK RIGHT

(Tune: Cadence Count)

Solo: Break right  
All: Right Now  
Solo: Break right  
All: Right now  
Solo: Break right, break right, break right, PULL IT TIGHT

Solo: We're flyin' around  
All: We're flyin' around  
Solo: And lookin' around  
All: And lookin' around  
Solo: The MiGs came down  
All: The Migs came down  
Solo: We went 'round and 'round  
All: We went 'round and 'round  
Solo: Throttle to the wall  
All: Throttle to the wall  
Solo: I counted them all  
All: I counted them all  
All: One, two, three, four, MORE AND MORE!

Solo: Their noses were red  
All: Their noses were red  
Solo: They wanted me dead  
All: They wanted me dead  
All: EENY, MEENY, MINY, MO, LET'S GO BACK TO OLD KIMPO!

## THE PRETTIEST PLANE

- (1)(Leader) The prettiest plane  
(All) The prettiest plane  
(Leader) Out on the line  
(All) Out on the line  
(Leader) The MiG-15  
(All) The MiG-15  
(Leader) Flies mighty fine  
(All) Flies mighty fine  
(All) The prettiest plane out on the line  
The MiG-15 flies mighty fine!
- (2) When we go up and fly at noon  
The MiG-15's leap off the moon  
(3) Then they come down and pretty soon  
A pissed-off tiger lowers the boom  
(4) On all our planes we paint red stars  
For MiG-15's that land on Mars  
(5) We chase them up to forty-four  
The fox-eight-six don't have much more  
(6) The throttle's set right at full bore  
We'll never catch that little whore  
(7) Then they start home and Casey calls  
We're letting down, no sweat at all
- (8) We're coming in with 13 chicks, 12  
MiG-15's, one Fox eight-six  
(9) The moral of this story's clear  
When you start home just check  
your rear  
(10) Cause if you don't you're sure to  
find, A MiG-15 tucked in behind.



FLEET AIR WING - - ALMA MATER

Monday I touched her on the ankle  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee  
Wednesday success, I histed up 'er dress  
And Thursday 'er chemise: Gor Blimey - -  
Friday I put me 'and around 'er,  
Saturday she gave me ear a tweek  
But 'twas Sunday after dinner she made me out a sinner  
And now I'm payin' 'er six and seven a week.

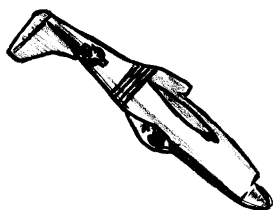
I don't want to be a soldier  
I don't want to go to war  
I just want to hang around  
Picadilly on the ground  
Livin' off the waiges of an 'igh born laidy  
I don't want a bayonette up me backside  
Don't want me buttocks shot away  
For I'd rather be in England  
Bloody, Bloody, England  
And fornicate me bloody life away. Gor Blimey -

Call out the Army and the Navy  
Call out the Rank and the File  
Call out the dear old Territorials  
They can face the battle with a smile  
Call out the Boys of the Old Brigade  
Who made Old England free  
Call out your brother and your father and your mother  
But for Christ's sake don't call me.

ITAZUKE ORT

(Tune: When You Wore A Tulip)

When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang  
In the Itazuke ORT  
Other pilots went to briefing  
We stayed in the sack a'sleeping  
Hotter stones you'll never see  
We were hotter than tabasco when Group pulled each fiasco  
We excelled in proficiency  
When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang  
In the Itazuke ORT!



An interview between Lt. Rudder, America's leading Ace, just returned from the war zone, the press and eager Col. Beaver, of Air Force Press Relations:

Press: Welcome home, Lt. Rudder, How does it feel to be back in the States again?

Lt. Rudder: Pretty pissed off.

Col. B: (to press) Lt. Rudder's eyes were misty when the outlines of the Statue of Liberty, symbol of American faith and fight for liberty, loomed into sight.

Press: What is the first thing you are going to do in New York? Lt. Rudder?

Lt. Rudder: Get laid.

Col. B: He intends to fly back to his old home town immediately and see his Mom and all the folks.

Press: Are they going to give you the Congressional Medal?

Lt. Rudder: They damn well should.

Col. B: Lt. Rudder's modesty disclaims any high awards. "Every man in the battle line deserves it as much as I", the Ace said.

Press: What about the case of champagne Gen. Beevil was going to give you for breaking Rickenbacker's record?

Lt. Rudder: Aw, he crapped out on me.

Col. B: Lt. Rudder is a teetotaler, The price of a case was generously donated to Russian relief at his suggestion.

Press: How did you shoot all those planes down?

Lt. Rudder: I guess I'm a pretty fucking hot pilot.

Col. B: Bashful Rudder attributes all his success to combination of teamwork, luck and superior equipment.

Press: Do you think the German pilot is as good as the American?

Lt. Rudder: I can fly circles up their ass.

Col. B: He pays high tribute to the fighting skill of the enemy.

Press: What about the Japanese?

Lt. R: Those shit-heads. They don't know their ass from third base.

Col. B: What the Lt. means is the quality of the Japanese airman is declining.

Press: What about your mechanic? Was he pretty good?

Lt. R: That dumb son-of-a-bitch was born with his thumb up his ass.  
It was a miracle that I ever got off the ground.

Col. B: Rudder is lavish in his praise of his courageous ground crews  
who work night 'n day to keep 'em flying.

Press: We understand that you intend to visit the factory that made your  
plane.

Lt. R: Yeah--if the bastards aren't on strike. I'd like to get my hands  
on the ass hole who welded his lunch box into the tail section.

Col. B: He is proud of our American worker and the magnificent job that  
they are doing in "backing the attack."

Press: I understand that you plan to teach gunnery a while before going  
back.

Lt. R: Yeah--somebody's got to give the kids the ungarbled truth. The  
stuff they taught me in training almost got my ass shot off.

Col. B: Lt. Rudder is unqualified in his praise of the high degree of  
training given our fledgling pilots.

Lt. R: Sorry boys, I've got to get out of here before the bars close and  
line up a piece of ass - so long.

Col. B: Yes, Lt. Rudder can't wait to get back to his Mother's apple  
pies, the girl he left behind, and the main street he played  
Indian on as a small boy. If there are any further questions, I  
believe that I can answer them, gentlemen.

## NOTICE TO PASSENGERS

If you will kindly observe the following rules, it will be a hell of a lot easier and more comfortable for the crew --- after all --- whose airplane is this anyway?

1. Keep your goddam feet off the seats.
2. Don't get snooty with the crew--remember your pilot is still learning to fly and he is more scared than you.
3. Keep your goddam feet off the seats.
4. If a fellow passenger gets anxious, knock him in the head with an empty bottle.
5. Eyes forward all the time.
6. Leave each crew member a healthy tip.
7. Don't ask embarrassing questions of the crew, such as:
  - (A) Where are we?
  - (B) What time will we land?
  - (C) Who made that landing?
  - (D) Where is the can?
  - (E) Where are we going, how fast, how high are we, etc."Hell, they don't know!
8. If you don't like the food, to Hell with you; the Boss does.
9. Keep your goddam feet off the seats.
10. Only six people allowed in the can at a time; please observe.
11. Save your gum after each landing for the next one. If it falls off your ears, don't stick it under the seats.
12. Keep your goddam feet off the seats.
13. Be thankful if you arrive anywhere.
14. Always let the crew off first--after all the damn thing might be on fire.
15. Don't bother the Stewardesses--they are along for the ride also.
16. Shut up! Keep your goddam feet off the seats.
17. Don't be so inconsiderate as to ask for magazines, papers, playing cards, beer, etc., before crew has had a chance at them first.
18. If the engine falls off--don't show any fear, it might frighten the crew.
19. By all means don't get airsick. At least wait until off the plane.
20. Don't expect the coffee to be hot. It never is.
21. And--Keep those feet off the goddam seats!!

HEADQUARTERS BASE SECTION No 1  
Services of Supply  
USAF - CBI  
Office of the Provost Marshall

SUBJECT: Conduct of Enlisted Man.

TO : Commanding Officer, 60th Fighter Squadron, 33rd Fighter Group, Area B, AAFRC, APO 883

1. At about 2300 hours 23 February 1944, this office was informed that an American soldier had fallen into an open sewer at the corner of Inverarity Road and Frere Street, this city, but had been rescued by a group of natives. Soldier had wandered off in the direction of Elphinstone Street singing happily.

2. At about 2315 hours same date, T/5 Gordon L. Gibbs, 36181150, 3479th Ordnance, and Pfc Robert Anderson, 39454676, 489th A. B. Squadron, M.P. Detachment, were passing the same open sewer and heard a loud splashing noise accompanied by singing. They fished Cpl. William P. Sokoloski, 6854457, your organization, from the sewer and brought him to M. P. Headquarters.

3. Cpl. Sokoloski had been in this office earlier in the evening to report the loss of some gifts which he had purchased. He now stated that he had been looking for his lost gifts, and had been walking along the sidewalk when on stepping off the street, he found himself over his head in water. He vaguely remembered being helped out by some natives, but a short time later found himself walking along the same sidewalk, and on stepping off into the street again found himself over his head in water.

4. The "sidewalk" to which Cpl. Sokoloski refers is a low brick wall which protects the sewer.

5. T/5 Gibbs and Pfc Anderson state that C-1. Sokoloski insisted that he was swimming in a public pool, which he also insisted he had a perfect right to do.

6. Cpl. Sokoloski was driven to the KGA and put on a truck to return to his organization. Both this office and the jeep in which he rode were mopped out and fumigated.

7. T/5 Gibbs and Pfc Anderson have asked to be recommended for the Soldiers Medal.

8. As this sewer is full of combined human and animal excrement, decaying animal and vegetable matter, as well as water running off the streets, it is suggested that Cpl. Sokoloski be given every inoculation and test known to god and man.

9. Attention is further directed to a local regulation which prohibits soldiers swimming alone. The "Buddy System" is used, so that if Cpl. Sokoloski insists on swimming in this sewer in the future, he must be accompanied.

10. No charges are preferred against Cpl. Sokoloski. This communication is for your information only.

For the Commanding Officer:

RICHARD B. LANGNER  
1st Lt., C.M.P.,  
Asst. Provost Marshal

18 July 1957

Dear Colonel Carey:

Well, here it is the end of the canning season - the time when I usually take time out to write a few letters to my good friends; the time when I remember all the good things, and indulge myself to the extent of getting a little sentimental.

It's a rainy evening, the doorbell rings intermittently - the kids are all out on their trick-or treat Halloween binge in spite of the weather -- but here in the den it's cozy and comfortable. I'm sitting before a nice open fire with my typewriter - sort of half listening to the hi-fi and slowly sipping a very, very dry double Martini. I only wish you were here - but since you are not, the least I can do is to toast your health and happiness - so time out, old pal, while I bend my elbow to you!

I just took time out to mix another Martini, and while I was out in the kitchen I thought of all the time I would waste this evening if I went out to mix another drink every once in a while, so I just made up a big pitcher of Martt Martinies and brough ti backiw ith me xo X8d have it right here beside me and wouldn't hav to wast time making more of them. So now I'm all set and here goies. Besides, Martinis are a great drink. For some reasonthey neverseeme to affec me in the slighttest. Can drink thrm all day long. So here goes. Theyr4atets think in tje whole world is frendship. An believe me pal you are the greatestss pal anybdy ever had. Do you remember all the swill times we had to gether ol pal? The wonerful camping trisp. I8ll never forget the time yoi put the deadskunnk in mh sleeping bag. ha.ha. Boy hwo we lauhged din we. Ndevr did get the stin kout of it. But is wass prety funny ahywah. I sill laught about it onec in while. No as muhc as I used to. But what hcek! after all you stillmy bes old pal. Anf if a guy canot have a luaghg on a good treu friend one in a wihle waht the heck.

Dam pitcher was empty so smpty so I just wentoutandma de another one and I sure wischt you weer here ol pal to held me drink these martoni because they ar3 simplu deliucius. Parn me wile I life my flass a/ to you good healhth once more because you are the bests apll I gott. Offf cours why a pal wuld do a dirty think like putting a skunk in a nother pals sleping batg i8m damm if i know. That was a luousy thing for anybofdy to do an oly a frist class hele would doit. Wash a damm bit funney. S till stinsk. And if you thing it(s funney your a dirty lous and as fare as I)m conserved youcan go plumto hellll and sttay there you dirty lous.

To hel with ouy.

HEADQUARTERS 312TH FIGHTER WING (SP)  
APO 210, C/O POSTMASTER  
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

E-1/1

22 June 1944

SUBJECT: The A-3 Section Ties Up Again

TO : P. B. Klein, o-21502, Colonel, Air Corps, United States Army, Commanding Officer of the 81st Fighter Group (P-47 D-15 Equipped), Stationed at Field A-3 (Kwanghan), APO 210, c/o Postmaster, New York City, New York, (Chengtu, Szechwan Province, China).

1. The A-3 section has lost face. It is with much pain that those who guide the destiny (continually confuse) of our gallant men of the air must admit they have made a horrible mistake. We beg a thousand pardons.

2. The story is a sad one which we now recount. A long, long time ago, in the land of make believe (rice paddies and you know what), there lived a certain Prince (Lt. Col.) who had a large mustache (guess who?). This mustache was the envy of all who loved things hairy (not what you are thinking either); maidens (WAVES, WACS, SPARS, etc) swooned, men wondered (what the hell it was for), dogs howled (I know what it is for), and it rained hard most every day. (He can reach both nipples at once with it.) This is the end of our fairy tail. It's a sad, sad ending - because he wasn't happy in the land where there wasn't any (You know what).

3. Perhaps you wonder (me too) what the moral of this tail - excuse me - tale is. There wasn't any (tale or tail). Consequently, this story has no bearing on the case.

4. We beg, therefore, your forgiveness in returning these documents, and unworthy as we are, pray you to comply with the provision of Part 8, Section V of Army Air Force Memorandum Sixty two Dash One Four.

5. This document, you see, proves several things. First, the Illustrious A-3 Section has relented, repented, and decided they were wrong, consequently decided to reverse their decision (it happens all too often, doesn't it"). Secondly, it proves there isn't much doing this morning (there never is).

6. Again we ask permission to apologize and beg forgiveness. As penance for our sins, we promise to drink not less than one (1) quart of Bourbon per man per day (what a dream) for the rest of our natural lives.

I beg to remain your humble servant.

E. F. CAREY, JR., O-388885,  
Lt. Col., Air Corps, (Res),  
Hq, 312th Fighter Wing,  
APO 210, c/o Postmaster  
New York City, New York

2 Incls:

Incl 1 - Report of Aircraft Accident  
Lt. C. F. SPAULDING.

Incl 2 - Report of Aircraft Accident  
Lt. B. F. GREEN.



## A TALE OF OLD TAEGU

And in the years of the reign of the emperor Harry, it came to pass that the Chosen people found themselves in the valley of Taegu. Came there people from a place called Taejon and spake they thus to the newcomers. ' Behold, the enemy cometh upon us even as they have in the North and filleth us with bullets, and smiteth us with divers munitions and such of us he catcheth, he visiteth passing great atrocities upon. Therefore heed ye and listen for the sound of the panic button, and prepare ye to flee to the place which is called Pusan, for even though the waters open not, then shall ye hitch-hike with the Navy. And so speaking, they didst brake such weapons as proved unserviceable, and prepared themselves to quit the valley.

But the newcomers made as if they heard them not, and spake of great deeds of arms and of the enemy to be slain, though in secret their knees trembled and they were so afraid. In the fullness of time, the radio spake of the approach of the enemy and a voice spake of the approach of the glorious peoples army to liberate the fatherland, and thus did it proclaim to all the land - the time cometh, of imperialist oppressors of the people. So the newcomers spake each unto the other, saying - wherefore this business of imperialists, thou old oppressor, thou? And his neighbor spake - Verily, I understand not this talk of imperialism for I desire only to return to Truman's Island and to retire wherefore I came into the service.

Then the enemy drew yet closer, and the thunder of their wrath was heard in the hills, and many there were who climbed aboard chariots of the air and left the valley. Then come into the valley one day one who is called the CO, and he spake thusly - Verily I say unto ye - we shall stay here while yet the iron birds fly, and we shall heap napals and leaden hail upon the heads of the enemy and their arms shall not prevail against us. Wherefore, head ye, and labor nightly upon the line, and know ye that I shall chew upon the posterior of each of the lowliest Lieutenant each day, else the enemy prevail against us.

Then came he of the corn-cob pipe and the iron bird named for a peninsula in the Far-away southern islands, and strode out and thus did he speak to the multitude - be ye of good cheer, for I shall stay. Then returned he forthwith to the nine and fortieth state, which is called Nippon whereof he is governor.

Then, in due seriousness, the multitudes labored upon the line, loaded they the aircraft, and shouted they over the radio and hauled they fuel, for the number of the enemy was as the leaves of the trees, and the hour of reckoning approached.

Wherefore he who was called CO unto the tent of him who was called Armament and spake he thusly - wherefore liest thou upon thy posterior in thy sack when even now the faithful labor upon the line? Laggards there are in thy section, players of cards, writers of letters to their wives, shooters of craps, yea even drinkers of Budweiser thereare. Whyfore laborest thou not upon the line and do likewise, and labor ye mightily, lest I chew again upon thy posterior, until it becometh even as the sieve, which holdeth not. So speaking, he who was called the CO departed in the fullness of his wrath, and he who was called armament arose and cursed, and didst break wind and scratched himself, and went forth to labor at the line. Then he chewed mightily upon the posteriors of the faithless, saying - wherefore labor ye not upon the line when thy bretheren work their posteriors off? Whyfore shoot ye craps and drink ye even Budweiser, wherefore the old man cheweth upon my posterior, which is passing tender lately? So spake he and they labored mightily.

And in the fullness of time, the enemy came yet closer, and there was a pillar of fire by night and a cloud of smoke by day, and each of the newcomers thought unto himself - This time they snow us not as they did when the smoke of locomotives was said to be the enemy. For we can see the flash of the rockets and the smoke of the bombs which even lately we have loaded. Verily the enemy is upon us, and if we are taken we shall suffer the wrath of the star that glows red over the house of he that is known as Joseph. So they thought, but they spake mightily of deeds of valor and of the many enemy to be slain, speaking each unto the other. Yet each in his turn went into his tent and check with loving care, his carbine and his ammunition therefor, and his pack with three days if C -rations, and his extra socks and his map to Pusan. And there were those among them who returned to their tents to change drawers, for the thunder in the hills was passing close.

And in the fullness of their need for tools, the chosen ones went unto him who was called supply, and called upon him and he spake saying - verily breatheren, so I know thy wants but some son of Bolial hath either evacuated the Class I stock or brought them not wherefore I call on FEAMCOM without the stock number they send me divers strange implements, and he showed them cowlings wrenches for the F-12 and harmonization tools for the A-17 and offered them WAC shoes, and they sent them on their way.

Even in greater numbers came the riders of the great iron birds and left them to be reloaded while they strode to the tent of him who was called Intelligence and spake to him of great deeds of arms and of weeping and wailing in the camp of the enemy, wherefore he who was called Intelligence caused it all to be written down and caused it to be classified SECRET and turned the crank and didst shout into the direct line to JOC, but the telephone availeth not.

Then he who was called Operations strode to the line and spake thusly, - wherefore foul ye up? Whyfore load ye not more and yet more aircraft? In the fullness of his wrath, the Old Man shall descent upon me and I shall be cast into outer darkness. Even Generals are come to the line in chariots of blue and black to ask me questions. How then can I answer those questions if ye load not aircraft? Therefore labor ye well else I turn ye in. Therefore the chosen ones went forth again and alored mightily upon the iron birds, saying each unto the other - Verily this man speaketh not with a forked tongue, for else we labor well, we shall be smitten by the enemy. And they called upon him who was called Ordnance, he of the foul cigar and purple cap, for more rockets of silver, fat bombs and shining ammunition. And he who was called Ordnance called upon FEAMCOM saying - Whyfor keepest thou me here if thou sendest not munitions?

And on the days when there was no inventory, the chosen ones went forth to the PX and saw there, many things which were called beetle crushers, and spake unto them saying - whyfor lengthenest thou our PX line what goeth with the war? And the warriors spake unto them, telling of the iron birds and of mighty feats of arms and spake of seventy, yea of one hundred and seventy groups, and of unification of subject. Wherefore the chosen ones spake unto the other saying - Verily these people snow us not for it is passing tough up on the line, and each went in his turn unto his tent and annointed his carbine with oil and checked his escape kit.

And in the fullness of time it came to pass that three striken iron birds were made ready to fly again, and he who was called Base Operations spake unto him who was called Base Operations saying - Whyfore fly we not together with the A-3 these aircraft? Whyfore get we not in a few sorties ourselves? And they left the valley parachutes and other personal equipments and spake thusly - Wherefore we take these aircraft? Whomsoever do they think themselves to be? Verily I shall call

upon Base Operations and cause them to fly not. Yet when they called upon Base Operations it availed them not for the fear of the wrath of the Base Operations was carried forth and great was the weeping and wailing and wailing in the camp of the enemy, for many of their chariots of war ran not and many were the war stories therefrom.

And many times there came into the valley, iron birds whose surfaces shown even as silver in the sunlight and whose weapons were kept like watches. And among their riders, there were flight leaders who spake hopefully of promotions to bloody corporals for these men used this word in their speech where ordinary men used commas, and they spake to the chosen ones of their southern country and told stories and sang songs which were passing dirty. Bottles of Australian whiskey they bought and great was the rejoicing therefore and great was the anguish in the camp of the enemy for as pilots, these men were passing hot even as their whiskey.

Even yet on some days the face of the sun was hidden and the host of the beetle crushers fought by themselves and on those days the chosen ones went unto the weather men and didst speak saying - what of the weather, oh learned ones? If the faces of the sun remained hidden, then our aircraft shall fly not and the enemy shall overcome us, and the weatherman answered not but went into his tent and packed.

And fire and brimstone and napalm was heaped onto the enemy and the hail of rockets and cal. 50 fell upon his head and much of the enemy as remained, returned to the North, and the voice of the radio was stilled and spoke no more of imperialists and of liberation and of glorious People's Army. And they who were called beetle crushers lengthened not the PX line for they too had gone unto the North.

And new aircraft came into the valley and the chosen ones watcheth their ascensions and spake to the new ones of mighty deeds of arms and of the days when the thunder of the enemy was even greater than the thunder of the new aircraft.

Thus in the fullness of time, peace came unto the valley and he who was called CO sent his staff forth on their appointed rounds and caused them to be shown the planes in which great deeds had been done, and told them war stories, whereof they listened with great interest and with expressions of astonishment as was fitting. And there were those among the chosen ones who received R and R and there were those among the chosen ones who returneth to Nippon and embraced their wives and beat upon the posteriors of their children. And there were those among their wives who spake unto them saying - whyfor comest thou not home as often as thy neighbor who has had seventeen R and R's during this police action? Verily thou lovest me not!

And there came unto the valley Squadron Commanders who checked their VD reports beating upon their breasts and saying - Woe is me for the character guidance program availeth not. And then caused their men to place hats upon their heads and to salute as is fitting and proper and the chosen ones spake unto each other saying - Verily this is chicken! This place groweth more stateside each day and they placed hats upon their heads and went forth to salute as is fitting and proper. There was buildings of organization charts and talk of ground safety and of I and E programs and there was much passing of vehicles also. And inspectors also there came, each with the waxing and waning of the moon for the thought of their tax exemption was heavy upon them and he who was called CO rejoiced to see them for then he knew peace had at last come to the valley.

"THE VOICE THAT CRIES IN THE TEEN-AGE WILDERNESS"

O Mighty National Military Establishment, hear our feeble voice. Hark unto us, the old people. We are calling, who served Thee under the Pay Bill of 1922, and who suffered silently under the Economy of 1933.

Remember us now, Thy servants who paid our own laundry bills and had not the pleasures of the dancing girls of the U.S.O.

We, who were Thy acting corporals and acting first sergeants, and who commanded companies in the rank of second lieutenant; we who offered thanks when we were promoted before our hair was like the snow upon the mountain.

Canst Thou not remember us now, Thine old legions of the shining armor and the glistening brass?

We are the few who were with Thee when Thou wert smitten both from the East and from the West.

Did we not steel the people, and beat their plowshares into a mighty sword when evil was upon them?

Are we so soon forgotten, the hundred thousand who increased more than a hundred fold?

Consider Thou Thy handiwork, and prevail upon the elders to deliver us from evil. Now that Thy foot is upon the neck of the enemy, and the noise of the battle is stilled, remember Thou Thy good and faithful servants.

Consider Thou these people you have put among us; damp are their heads behind their ears. They toil not, neither do they spin. Their buttocks show through their fatigue garments, and they know not the sewing kit; they trim not their locks, and they bathe most infrequently; their kit bags smell of foul linen. Tarnish is upon their brass, and their barracks are like unto the stable of the animals of the field.

There are no men among them, but a horde of M.O.S.'S; they can do no other thing. The cook cannot clean a rifle, and the clerk cannot scrub his office floor; in the offices sit many pencil twiddlers with civilian employees upon their right and upon their left; they do nothing and know nothing.

Their garments are like unto the zoot suit, and are adorned with watch chains and many unauthorized ribbons; they button not their top buttons, and they wear their caps like unto the taxi drivers. They become drunken on 3.2 beer, and they rider the sick book all through the hours of duty. They loiter at the P.X. and whistle at our women folk; no maiden is safe from their voice, even in the hours of daylight.

These people know not of fiddlers green, and the spirit of the fighting man is not in them; they sit in the scorer's seat, and are civilians in their hearts; they would not stand their watch at the gate.

Take heed now, O high brass, lest these people take away the hinge from the gate and loosen the stones from our walls. Hearken unto our petition, O mighty men who sit deep within the building with many sides. Let the voice of the first sergeant roar forth again like that of the great lion; let him again be a man of stern visage; give him again the power which can strike fear unto the hearts of the malcontents.

Let thy squadron commander sit again in the inner office as the centurion, and let his voice be the voice of the law; let the recruit come before his commander with his hat in his hand and a civil tongue in his head; let the junior birdman render unto Caesar those things that are Caesar's.

Let us now be military men once more, fit again for the conflict!

Amen

## AN INTERVIEW

General, what are your plans for the next war?

There won't be any next war.

Why not?

When all the other nations hear about our plans, they won't dare to start a war.

What are the plans, General?

First of all, we will restrict our entire offensive to the air. By fabricating overwhelming offense, we can ignore the defense. This can be achieved by dreadnaughts of the air. We refer to these as air-naughts.

What will the air naughts be like?

It will operate on the closed shuttle principle.

What is the closed shuttle principle, General?

That is a procedure whereby an aircraft can bomb a target and keep on going, to return to its starting point without turning around.

Do you mean they will fly completely around the earth?

That's it exactly.

General, how can we build planes that can go that far?

The details aren't worked out yet, but the idea is comparatively simple. If one plane can go 5,000 miles, two planes can go 10,000 miles. Now if you double the fuel load of these two planes, you can get 20,000 miles. Actually, we won't need as much fuel as that, because the planes will go faster.

How much faster?

Well, a plane that is standing on the ground is traveling about 1,000 mph because the earth rotates about 24,000 miles in 24 hours. We should be able to add another 1,000 mph to the plane's initial, or static, speed, and thus get around the world in 12 hours. We can travel in such a direction that the last part of the flight will be downhill, or we can pick a direction which will provide a tailwind all the way. That will give us optimum velocitation.

Will the airnaught carry any payload?

Definitely; every single member of the flight's crew will draw flight pay.

I meant bomb load, General. With such a load of fuel, how do you propose to carry any bombs.

We have written specifications for bombs which will be absolutely devastating and must not exceed 1 lb. in weight. We refer to these as bombmites. The control button console should not weigh over 30 lbs for full equipmentation.

Are you going to have any trouble getting enough fuel for your airfleet?

None at all. We are working on a fuel-recovery system by which each plane reprocesses the exhaust products of the plane ahead, and thus manufactures most of its own fuel.

How does the first plane in line get its fuel?

There won't be any "first" plane. There will be a continuous ring of planes so that each one will have a plane ahead of it. This constitutes a sort of endless bombelt.

General, that is remarkable. Does it mean all your planes will have to stay in the air continuously?

Not necessarily, but that is a feature we are working toward. The thought is that our planes won the last war by staying in the air only 6 hours a day, they can win the next one four times as fast by staying in the air 24 hours a day. Or, in the same length of time the same job can be done by one fourth the number of planes.

That means you could refuel in the air?

We would go much farther than that. We expect to re-service the plane in all respects, and exchange flight crews while airborne. Thus we can dispense with bases. When we ultimate this program, you will find that all phases of warfare will be completely serialized.

How are we going to handle the enemy's defenses against your bombelt?

We wont have any.

Why not, General?

As I explained, we propose to devote all our potential to the offense. Practically all other powers will do likewise since they pattern their forces on our organization. Thus, any enemy is bound to get caught without any defense.

Are there any other developments I can mention in connection with your publicity?

Well, under our directivation the project engineers are working up an interesting list of devices. These include projectile traps and strato-mines. The new binolular electronics system also gives us some very valuable military implements. Among them are missile reversers, blind underway remote photography (BURP), and electronic camouflage (Chamelonics). Retro-radar will permit keeping the bombsight on the ground. Thus, the groundier will take over the bombardier's job which will eventually be handled automatically. As you can see, we have just about eliminated the man from the problem. The next logical step is to eliminate the machine. We call this de-mechanization.

General, are there any obstacles to your plan?

We are worried bout de-objectivation.

What is that?

Target shortage.

#### DEFINITION OF "ATC" TERMS

AIR TRAFFIC	A concentration of numerous aircraft over a given point, each demanding the same route and altitude and each having special priority.
ATC CLEARANCE	A verbal method of compelling a pilot to fly a route and altitude he otherwise would never have chosen.
ATC CONTROLLER	An individual subsidized by the railroads and concentrated to the task of discouraging travel by air.
AIRWAY	A route so designed by CAA that neither pilot nor ATC can find it on the charts.
APPROACH SEQUENCE	A means devised by ATC to make a pilot land last when he knows all along that he should be first.
APPROACH TIME	The time given the pilot to make him happy while attempts are made to figure out what to do with him.
BASIC VFR MINIMUMS	Those weather conditions under which a chicken can clear a low fence while maintaining satisfactory forward visibility.
CAR 60	An ancient scroll of pre-historic lore quoted by ATC and pilots alike to prove that the moon is made of green cheese.
CENTER	Drafty, ill-kept barn-like structure in which government pensioners congregate for dubious reasons.
COMPETENT AUTHORITY	Accredited individuals who have finished the third grade.
CONTROL AREA	Air space in which only one center has authority to disrupt the flow of traffic.
CRUISING ALTITUDE	Any altitude other than altitude requested by pilot or any altitude maintained by the pilot other than the altitude last approved by ATC.

DEPARTURE TIME	The time that take-off is permitted by the tower after all other aircraft on the field have departed.
FLIGHT PLAN	Any information filed by the pilot which communications can manage to lose or otherwise withhold from ATC.
HOLDING PATTERN	Laughable term applied to the dogfight in progress over the radio facility serving a terminal airport.
IFR	Conditions under which pilots cannot see how closely they just missed colliding or conditions under which the other fellow is always flying at your altitude.
REPORTING POINT	A location over which pilots occasionally verify their position during clear weather. NOTE: It is considered unsporting to report over positions within five minutes of estimated time.
SEPARATIONS	That condition achieved when two or more aircraft fail to collide. NOTE: Sometimes achieved by having two conflicting aircraft work on different frequencies-called "frequent separation".
TOWER	Glass solarium in which the above-mentioned government pensioners sun themselves.
VFR	That whitish gray stuff that goes by your wing tips when climbing and descending in accordance with VFR.



## SUCH MODESTY!

It seems that a wealthy young playboy out for a night, picked up a beautiful young girl in a bar and took her up to his apartment. Instead of this girl being a tramp, she was well groomed, chic, and seemingly quite intellectual. Thinking that he would have to impress her to get anywhere, he showed her some etchings, first editions, and finally offered her some wine. He asked whether she would prefer port or sherry. "Oh, Sherry by all means," she replied. "Sherry to me is the nectar of the Gods. Just looking at it here in its crystal clear decanter fills me with the anticipation of a heavenly thrill, and when the stopper is removed and this gorgeous liquid is poured into a glass, I inhale the delicious tangy fumes, and I'm lifted on the wings of ecstasy. It seems I taste this magic potion and my whole being seems to glow--a thousand violins throb in my ears and I'm sent into another world." "On the other hand," she said, "Port makes me fart."

The boss of a medium sized office had hired a steno who was out of this world. She had looks, personality, and clothes. After looking at her for a few weeks, the boss, a married man, decided that he was going to take her out some night. He approached her and asked if she would like to celebrate his birthday with him, at some secluded night spot. She said that she would have to think about it.

The next day she consented to go but offered that they go to her apartment instead of out somewhere. To himself, as any other normal man, he commented: "Better than I planned."

The night of his birthday they went to her apartment and had cocktails, appetizers, dinner and some drinks afterward. A short while after, she said: "I am going to my bedroom now and you can come in . . . in 5 minutes."

After four minutes had gone by, the boss started to disrobe. Totally naked by the time the five minutes were up, he knocked on the bedroom door. The voice from behind the door in a sweet tone said "Come in". A twist of the door knob and the door was open, only to find the rest of the office force singing:

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU,  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU."

## My First Time

She lay back with a long sigh, allowing the muscles of her shapely legs to relax and partly drew up her shaking knees. For a half hour she had put him off. First one excuse then another, resisting desperately all the time, but hoping down deep in her heart that he would go ahead, paying no heed to her protests. It was what she wanted. She had known all the time, but now that the time had come she was afraid. Of course she knew that he thought nothing of it, but for her it was the first time. He had been gentle with her, however, assuring her over and over again that he would give her ease to that growing pain that had kept her tossing in bed at night. Her fingers involuntarily fluttered to the spot; it was hot with anticipation. But when she was relaxed she stared with fascination at the thing he held in his hand. Yet her knees were drawn tight with fear. He was as gentle as he promised. She was light of weight and he went slowly and carefully. Her muscles relaxed voluntarily. She opened wide to give him more room. Chills went up and down her spine. It seemed he was drawing her spine out. "Don't take it out." "I can't stand it." "Do it faster". It seemed all day, but in reality it was only a few minutes when he said, "It's coming now." And she felt it come too. Her body leaped in a series of convulsions, then she lay back quietly.

It was then the dentist removed the instruments from her mouth and with it came the tooth. (Oh, for the life of a dentist!)

Were you scared?

## AND I LEARNED ABOUT FLYING FROM HIM

(Tune: I Learned About Women From Her)

I've handled the stick and the rudder  
I've flown quite a lot in my time  
I've had my share of instructors  
And some of the bunch were fine.  
A bowlegged fellow from Princeton  
And one that was trained at Cornell  
And a fellow from Brooks, but they gave him the hooks  
And the Shavetail that gave me hell.

The fellow from Princeton was steady  
He taught me to take off and land.  
He'd set her down on three points  
And loop her to beat the band.  
But when I went up for a solo  
The jennie was steady and trim  
Well, I landed that ship, But I bumped my hip  
And I learned about flying from him.

The man from Cornell was a bad one  
A son-of-a-gun I will say.  
The dirty tail-spin that he gave me  
Will last for many a day  
I donated a lunch to the cockpit  
But he dived and spun her again  
He gave me a howl when I ducked in the cowl  
And I learned about flying from him.

The fellow from Brooks used the Gosport  
And he talked through a long rubber tube.  
All that I heard was his swearing  
He spotted me for a boob.  
I'll never forget one bad tailspin  
He yelled "kick the rudder you simp"!   
But I didn't kick, I just wiggled the stick  
And I learned about flying from him.

At last I came to formation  
And took a fast ship from the line  
I made the first turn a humming  
And brought her back upright just fine.  
I sped up the ship without thinking  
And hit number two in the wing  
And - - when I got well, the CO gave me hell  
And I learned about flying from him.

I've handled the stick and the rudder  
I've flown quite a lot in my time.  
I've had my share of instructors  
And some of the bunch were fine.  
But take some straight dope from a flyer  
And go with the Navy to sea  
For the ships they have there can land anywhere  
And learn about flying from me.